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BIOGRAPHY

ANDREW FIELD
The Formidable Miss Barnes: The life of Djuna Barnes
287pp. Secker and Warburg. £12.95.
0 436 153958

DJUNA BARNES
Smoke and Other Stories
180pp. Sun and Moon Press, College Park, Maryland.
0940650 17

Djuna Barnes died last year, 1982, at the age of ninety. For forty-one years this avant-garde 1920s figure had been living in a small apartment in Greenwich Village, surviving on her meagre royalties and a stipend from Peggy Guggenheim. The stipend itself was a sort of survival if one considers the embattled relationship she had with Miss Guggenheim and, almost unendingly, with everyone else. The last years were proud and sad, fragile and lonely, and unproductive except for a verse play, *The Aniphon*, completed in 1954. I was present at the first reading of the play at Harvard in 1956, and the evening was dismaying. Djuna Barnes's long silence had ended in this play, which had about it all the anxious, self-destructive tones of an impossibility into which great effort and hope had been poured. T. S. Eliot, in support of his long friendship with her, was in the audience, and he was also and perhaps recklessly present in *The Aniphon*, a vehement, overwrought family reunion of badly written, declamatory verse and intense, unanchored bitterness of feeling. That night Djuna Barnes, a maverick of wild and original gifts, reminded me in her person of one of those middle-aged guerrilla posters of the First World War. She was a wounded hostage of some kind and somehow abandoned, but just what the line of her face had been difficult to know.

To her name there is always to be attached the splendour of *Nightwood*, a lasting achievement of her great gifts and eccentricities — her passionate pose and, in this case, a genuineness of human passions also. A love of literary pastiche and parody made her earlier works, *Ryder* and *Ladies Almanack*, an astonishment of wit, as well as a wearying fluency of capital letters, archaic turns of speech, anamorphic, and general mischevousness and amused perversity.

A certain bulkiness seems to have

been part of her character, and her career showed little aptitude for the sturdy and inspired exploitation that turned the most improbable of her contemporaries, Gertrude Stein, into an institution. For Djuna Barnes, Joyce was the inspiration and grandeur of the period, in Paris she formed a friendship with him which was strong enough for him to have given her the original manuscript, with his annotations, of *Ulysses*. With her usual rotten luck she was forced to sell it before it commanded a price that might have saved her from the penury and dependence of so many years of her life.

Andrew Field's biography, *The Formidable Miss Barnes*, is not a work of any special vivacity. It is under considerable strain in all its parts and can only chatter along desperately about one who was noted for her silences. The title is the first indication of a perplexity. *Formidable* and *Miss Barnes* cannot easily draw us into the riddle, and the primness of the words does not telegraph the creative and personal hardships of the life. He tells of only one meeting with her, in 1977, and from that we conclude that he did not succeed in getting much out of her. Field's book is best when it reads like notes for another book. The portrait of certain Greenwich Village characters such as Guido Bruno, the model, apparently, for Felix Volkbein in *Nightwood*, and a nuisance named Elsa Baroness von Freytag-Loringhoven, are amusing period pieces from the old days. The American expatriates in Paris — Hemingway, Natalie Barney and others — are sketched in once more from the well-known documentation. There is a struggle with the written word of Djuna Barnes but Field finds it hard to say the course for fifteen rounds and so there is a good deal of sparring with the names of characters and the names in real life and the name of Jake Barnes in *The Sun Also Rises* and what, if anything, the correspondence might indicate.

Djuna Barnes was born in Cornwall-Hudson in New York State in 1892. Her father, whom she hated, was a poet and a belletrist, a pretentious ne'er-do-well bohémien with mistresses and not much else. Her mother was English, having been born in Rutland. The parents were divorced and the grandparents were divorced and there is a tangle of half-brothers and sisters. Quite early Djuna had to undertake the support of her mother and three brothers, and she did this

with admirable energy and talent in the New York newspaper world. The newspaper style of the time was jazzy enough, but rather primitive as a vehicle for her talents. Nevertheless, a recent selection from this work, *Smoke and Early Stories*, shows her early mastery of a Flaubert dandyism and theatricality. From "Paprika Johnson":

The boy from Stroud's was a tall blond wimp who had put his hands into his mother's hair and shaken it free of gold; a lad who had painted his cheeks from the palette of the tenderloin, the pink that descends from one member of a family to the other, quicksilver running down life's pages.

In Greenwich Village she knew Edmund Wilson, Edna Millay and Eugene O'Neill. She wrote for *Smart Set*, *Vanity Fair* and *The Little Review*. She went on to Paris and knew all the interesting artists of the time. The wonderful photographs by Man Ray and Bernice Abbott show her to have been extraordinarily chic and good-looking. During this time she wrote *Ryder*, *Ladies Almanack* and *Nightwood* and by 1940 she was back in New York, where she lived for four more decades.

The life of this remarkable American woman seemed to follow a step by step the journey of the gifted of her time. Her experiences had a typically artistic of her: high literary ambitions, a lot of drinking, little money, London, Paris, Berlin and desperate encounters along the way. She was a lesbian in her life and in her work, although there were affairs with men, an abortion fairly late on. "I'm not a lesbian, I just loved Thelma," she said in Field's account. This is a remark. Field thinks of her as "basically heterosexual", whatever that may mean. In fact "basically" appears to lean the other way and there is little evidence that she anguished over the fact of lesbianism, even though the terrible Thelma Wood was an "English" lesbian. Thelma is the Robyn of *Nightwood*. Just as Djuna Barnes herself is, in the way of the transformations of literature, the Nors Flood.

Thelma Wood was an American who made sculptures with large feet rather like her own. In spite of that she was a dashing beauty with a bit of money at times. She drove a red Bugatti, cruised the lesbian bars, drank enormously, lied, teased, was unfaithful and gave

Miss Barnes the miserable fate of wandering the streets at night looking for her. In *Nightwood* she has the nature of a destructive, forgetful beast Jaquet Flanner called her "the bitch of all times". So this love affair was a draining, spirit-crushing disaster and at last it was broken off. After that, Miss Barnes stayed with Peggy Guggenheim in England, knew the lovers and friends collected there, was stormily friendly with Antonia White and rather more peacefully with Charles Henri Ford. But somehow her friendships did not work out much better than her love affairs. A difficult and unhappy nature she seems to have had — prickly, proud and sarcastic.

Ryder is a daunting work, published in 1928 when the author was thirty-one. The dreadful father, here called Wendell Ryder, and his three women, mother, wife and mistress, are the centre of this tale, as perhaps it can be called. There is an abundance of incident, some of it corresponding to known autobiographical details. Still, there cannot have been an intention to create the feeling of a genuine family chronicle, since events and persons are by style put at a distance of several centuries. In a chapter called "Wendell Discusses Himself with His Mother", the dialogue runs:

Sometimes I am a whore in ruffled petticoat, playing madly at a pack of ruffians, and getting thruppence for my pains; a smartly boxed ear, or a bottom-tingling clap-a-hind... and once I was a bird who flew down my own throat, twanging at the heart cord, to get the pitch of my own mate-call.

Even the essential facts of narrative information are rendered in a mannered tone that often has the cadence of translation: "At the end of three weeks, his shadow was exceeding lean. On the coming of Saturday he was sacked. (His companions in clerical saying that it was due to his delivery of prussic acid to a weaning lady in Chiswick, in place of bismuth.)"

The pastiche, parody and flow are accomplished with outstanding virtuosity of language, witty juxtapositions and reversals, and a wonderful ending-line for the book and for Wendell: "And whom should he disappoint?" Ryder is a curiosity, showing its period, the 1920s, only in a sophisticated and learned manipulation of styles. The zest and the jest are perhaps embraced

too lovingly. The manner itself is the intention and the ear is bookish and rather overwhelming.

The "Englishness" of Djuna Barnes's work, after her early apprenticeship, is perhaps to be laid at the door of her rejected American father. There is scarcely an American rhythm or cadence in her work and even the description of Nora's American background in *Nightwood* has the generalizing aspect of something worked up rather than known from birth — for example, the atmosphere of Nora's house: "The Drummer Boy, Fort Sumter, Lincoln, Booth, all somehow came to mind; Whigs and Tories were in the air..."

The famous Dr O'Connor of *Nightwood* makes his first appearance in *Ryder*. And he is there as he will be — a monologist. Dr O'Connor, an American going about Paris, talked and talked, both in life and in novels by Americans other than Djuna Barnes. Field runs the Doctor down and finds that his performances received a mixed reception, with some remembering him as fantastical and amusing and others, of course, bored out of their skulls in his presence. In any case, his real name was Dan Mahoney and he was a very noticeable queen around the Paris bars. He blued his eyelids and coated his eyelashes and covered his heavy beard with face powder. He claimed to have served in the Navy and to be a medical doctor, but he was the sort whose name does not appear in the records of institutions. Aside from my fabrications, the spoke of himself, truthfully, as "poor Minnie Mahoney, the girl whom God forgot". Fashionable lesbians liked him and he was cosy company.

"A slight satiric wiggling", Djuna Barnes called *Ladies Almanack* and it is just that. Many of the lesbian women in Paris appeared in this amiable calendar which featured "Dame Evangeline Musset (Natalie Barney), Lady Bock and Bilk and the Twisted-in-Blood (Lady Una Troubridge and Radclyffe Hall). The book was privately printed in Paris in 1929 and hawked along the Left Bank by bold young women". It is a teasing and bold production and very much written, not tossed off, and again in the mock Eng Lit manner.

Now this be a Tale of as fine a Wench as ever wet Bed, she who was called Evangeline Musset, and who was in her heart one Grand Red Cross for

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cr" (*La Nouvelle Mode*, March 18, 1800).

Persistent contrasts, however, went side by side with creeping homogenization. The French speak of *le peuple* when they mean *petit peuple*, or urban populace: a fraction, yet not the largest, of the citizenry. Yet even this throng was far from uniform. In most urban centres, especially in Paris, the industrial labour force remained a minority; in 1931, twenty per cent of industrial workers still toiled in tiny workshops, many without electricity; and even large-scale industry retained artisanal methods. Small employers abounded, so did small shopkeepers. In 1887, experts announced that department stores were bound to kill small shops. In fact, the years 1870-1939 would see their numbers doubling, and the twentieth century turned out to be a golden age for small traders like bakers (fewer people baked their bread at home), and hairdressers (47,000 in 1896, 170,000 in 1938).

The nineteenth century had been the age of domestic servants: maids and butlers, coachmen and cooks. By 1900, the preponderance of women attested to the incipient decline of servanthood. By the 1920s, domestic service as an avenue of social mobility, or a preferable alternative to village or factory life, was being replaced by white-collar opportunities in shops, offices and, especially, the public services. Fashion also began by stressing sartorial contrasts, as well as subtle differences of status, as between artisans and journeymen. In

the France of the 1880s and 90s, dress – like speech – still provided geographical and professional definition. But ready-made and department stores, even more than schools, were nibbling it away. Prematurely, in 1893, John Grand-Carteret grumbled that only the way one wears one's clothes, the whiteness of the skin, the state of the hands, would henceforth permit one to establish social distinctions.

Leisure, once a prerogative of the rich, or a transgression of the poor, became a claim, then an entitlement: shorter working hours, Sunday closing, retirement, even holidays with pay. And the town provided more and more ways of enjoying the new leisure: cafés, theatres, then cinemas (nearly 1,000 in 1914), exhibitions, racing and its concomitant gambling (the Paris Mutuel Urban dates from 1887), above all its streets where, as Yves Montand once sang, "y'a tant de choses à voir". Agulhon has some excellent things to say on the new values and achievements affirmed by public buildings, monumental fountains, and conspicuous statuary (not just of the Third Republic), intended to carry an edifying message of history, morality *civisme*. To this, Crubellier adds the flowering of posters, enlivening the urban landscape towards the century's end – some so admired that *amateurs* would sneak out at dawn to peel them off with a wet sponge.

The same final chapter, on urban politics, also contains a masterful analysis by Agulhon on how national

affairs came to small towns where, under the *monarchie constitutionnelle*, elections began to be held not only for parliamentary representatives, but for the municipal council, the officers of the national guard, the members of the *conseil général* and the *conseil d'arrondissement*. The debates surrounding such frequent electoral campaigns echoed beyond salons and *cafés*, into the new urban local press, but also in clubs, *cafés* and the cafes where news-sheets were put together, read and commented upon. Concentrating at first on native concerns, then appealing to Paris for arbitration or aid, parish-pump politics took on national hues when local factions sought government support or discontent turned them to opposition.

These perceptive paragraphs are among the few that treat of smaller urban centres. Yet, as the Second Empire ended, 529 of France's 694 towns counted less than 10,000 souls. That was where the schools were, the courts, and the political factions, the garrisons, markets, theatres and *beuglants* (*cafés-chantants*, more accessible than theatres), that represented urban culture to the rural masses. That is where one saw shops which were more than stalls; and streets lit with gas, even if it was only the main street, in winter on moonless nights, where church circled freely, part of a money economy the countryside long ignored; circled freely, part of a money economy the countryside long ignored: "a perpetual fair," as Erickman-Chatrian's *Ami Fritz* described it.

If centres so crucial to the *francisation* of France get so little attention, that is in part because we know so little about them, for books about France continue to be about Paris (as with Michel Lescure's excellent *Les Sociétés immobilières de France au XIXe siècle*, which covers only the capital), and useful series like Privat's "Univers de la France" have not gone beyond the big cities.

One can only do so much. This volume does a lot, and well. But just because it is so good and so comprehensive, its lacunae tell us something – less about occasional shortcomings, inevitable in the present state of the art, but about research shortfalls in the field. Despite much good work, we still know very little about the crucial question of investment, and what its sources were; little or nothing about Reconstruction after 1918; little about the *blois*, "égalité et névrose", whose liberating influence the Women's Congress of 1897 was right to toast; too little about sports, games and gambling; little about the police. Living in Paris today, one notes with discomfiture the disappearance of that characteristic fixture of an earlier *proletariat* urban life, the *fil*, *argousin*, *cogne*, *serge*, and his volapédic counterparts, the *hirondelle*, or *vache à roulette*. They too (like the *loi Gramont* of 1881, designed to curb curiously to animals and, by extension, violence among men) represented a nineteenth-century urban aspiration: the quest for a more orderly world, more civil, more urbane, more policed, true, but also more *police*.

their own, offered to share power with them. It is a more fruitful approach to define as fascism precisely that alliance constructed by Hitler and Mussolini for the national unity and energy ("revolution" in a very limited sense) and old power blocs, an alliance built on a common hatred of Marxism socialism. On this reading, the second of intellectuals studied by Sternhell seems more the victims than the apostles of fascism. The heart of the matter is whether the fascist movement managed to root themselves in society as the defenders of threatened interests, by what they did as well as what they said. In France, neither the ideologues nor the action squads rooted themselves in this concrete way. Sternhell has not examined why they did not.

The subtitle, "Fascist Ideology in France", promises a kind of analysis this book does not deliver. Its great achievement would have been to serve by a different subtitle, "French National Socialism: Between the Wars", of which this is clearly the most authoritative account we have.

The proceedings of six seminars on the subject of *General de Gaulle and the Institut Charles de Gaulle* of Paris and the Institut Charles de Gaulle of University College London, have been published in both English and in French, as a special number of the *Review of European Studies* (Paris: Plon). The contributors include some of those who knew and worked with de Gaulle, such as Gaston Paley, ki, Maurice Couve de Mortillet, Eliehné Bérin des Roziers, Goullet de Courcel and Lord Gladwin, as well as historians, such as René Rémond, Anthony Hartley, Douglas Johnson, John Fears and Philip Cerny.

The latest issue of the *Journal Critique* (Aout-Septembre 1983), 435-436, (Léopold: Paris: Editions de Minuit, 55fr.) is devoted to "Les mythes de Trieste". L'après la chute des Habsbourg, à l'exception de l'Europe centrale, les innovations culturelles dont Vienne avait été le creuset au début du siècle, Trieste, longtemps grand port autrichien, était venue à la Méditerranée et l'Italie, et un des lieux qui ont d'abord vu affluer vers lui hommes et idées issues de l'Europe centrale. L'Empire, écrit Jean Piel in his introduction. There follow a number of essays on the cultural life and history of the city. Trieste, la cité des marches, la ville irrédente, by Daniel J. Gargus; "Freud et les Trieste", and "La transmission de la

All in fun

Victoria Glendinning

ARTEMIS COOPER (Editor)

A Durable Fire: The Letters of Duff and Diana Cooper 1913-1950
332pp. Collins. £12.95.
0 00 216398 5

The marriage of Duff Cooper and Lady Diana was durable but not, on the evidence of this volume, exactly a fire. It seems to have been based on great mutual affection, understanding and tolerance, and a commitment to each other that carried few obligations other than a reassuring and reiterated acknowledgement of that commitment. Within that context, they pursued the life, and the work and the people, that each needed.

They had very different ideas about what they wanted from their close friends outside marriage, and about sex. Readers of Philip Ziegler's biography of Lady Diana will be sometimes uncomfortably aware of Duff Cooper's chronic physical infidelity, not stressed in the editor's linking passages between these couple's letters. But the tone was set before they married: writing at the end of the First World War, on his way to Paris, Duff Cooper wondered how much he should tell her about the pleasures of the flesh which he would undoubtedly enjoy there. She replied that "my desire is your inclination. Tell me as much or as little as you enjoy to confess. You know I want your happiness above my own and that I delight in your shadow love... 'rush into the folly' baby darling." Their honeymoon, Artemis Cooper writes, was "idyllic", not mentioning, as Ziegler did, that Duff Cooper had begun to stray even before they got home. But if Lady Diana did not mind it would be impertinent and unkind to anyone to mind on her account.

What she wanted from those she

airily called her "lovers", and what all her life she has got, was a sort of medieval knight errantry, combined with Edwardian lavishness in matters regarding flowers, cheques, champagne, jewels, holidays and Rolls-Royces. In her *Miracle* years in America, adored old and young were in attendance to take off her shoes, run her bath, fill her rooms with flowers, organize parties and transport, and keep silent, heroic vigil while she slept. When they behaved less than heroically and pounced on her, she made the incidents into funny stories to tell in letters to Duff. He was glad, he wrote, when she had "plenty of boys" to look after her and keep her contented.

For she was subject to depressions; but kept, it seems, the blacker aspects of them from her husband, indulging more in semi-humorous babyish walls through the mails. Only the occasional crack in the mask allows the effort that was sometimes necessary to show through: "I'm so sick of hearing my own stories – my stale jokes thro' the old rasp." They did not, as most couples do, unload their most boring anxieties on to one another; they entertained and cheered each other, putting on their bravest and funniest faces, just as they would for outside friends. Even when Duff Cooper's mother died, and he was deep in the inevitable sadness and dreary administration that entailed, he wrote: "But I mustn't darling inflict all these miseries on you."

Her letters are wittier than his, and she was the kinder soul; at times she upbraids him for his coldness and ill-temper towards other people (never to herself). But there are, too, comic instances of her own careless toughness towards the lower orders. On holiday in Aix with their son John Julius and a French governess, they rowed seven kilometres across the lake:

J.J. and I came back by steamer and left Mademoiselle to row the boat seven km. back. Of course the wind

got up and of course we couldn't spot her anywhere, and I got a panic that she was drowned and the child adored every minute of the anxiety. She came back at last, having had a ghastly time and is black and blue today.

Their relentless pursuit of pleasure and stimulus – and stimulants – seems at this distance almost manic; but there were reasons for it. Duff Cooper wrote to her in 1916, during a dreadful time when their closest friends, one after another, were being killed in France:

You must not cry. It is our creed not to. We have lived so long with tragedy that we are only less bored with its purple than we are with its khaki. Let's have light comedy and loud laughter for the love of God.

When he himself was in the trenches, Duff Cooper envisaged her giving their letters to her friend Alan Parsons when she was old, to be edited and published. "But how I envy him the fun of annotation." The task has been undertaken instead by their own grand-daughter, and it must be Parsons's frustrated ghost, cheated of this fun, which has brought about the amazing chaos among the footnotes. On pages where numbers up to six are sprinkled in the text, the footnotes fade out, discouraged, after four or five; sometimes in a burst of generosity they proliferate, referring to nothing within sight – they belong, it transpires, on the following page. Some people get no footnotes, some people get identified as if for the first time twice, slightly differently. Disentangling Poppy and Poots and Luffy and the women whom Lady Diana called the moos (because they had names like coos – Betty, Biddy, Mollie, Daisy) is bad enough in all English upper-class memoirs of this period at the best of times. A *Durable Fire*, in this respect, verges entirely pleasantly on the farcical. "Light comedy and loud laughter" indeed, which would probably please all those concerned more than all the heavy scholarship in the world.

Words like "kesh" and "glit" and "glaur" and "haggart" also abound, sometimes consciously defined, sometimes not; a threat like "I'll have the greath off the guidheirder fornest it" is quite laboriously explained. All this is sadly at odds with the writer's professional skills, which only break surface occasionally (as in an account of childish proficiency in skinning cats, in a manner to impress tourists). The acknowledgments rather ominously thank someone who "tirelessly typed and retyped", and sometimes one ungraciously wonders whether having Seamus Heaney, who is frequently quoted, as a brother-in-law may have set up misguided literary aspirations. It is a pity, anyway, that too much Irish mist and Irish peat-bog seem to have got into the midnight oil, and made the going so waterlogged; there is a remarkable story buried here, of which the author might have made a very memorable little book if she had been content with her proven, quotidian skills, and with doing her own typing, like the trusty writer she can be.

The tight sibling web which the author plainly wants to celebrate seldom disentangles itself either from the determined lyricism of the writing, which sometimes falls into solemn fatuity – "I discovered that the far side of the loch must always be far away, on the other side from wherever you are" – but more often into general confusion: "It is only when we are grown up we realise that it is a human longing for the past to be rescued or redeemed, and that our predilection towards what Cardinal Newman called 'the ripples of old grief', and the venturing, again upon the infantile delusion of years in which the infantile delusion was not just a legacy but a going out to each of us." (The present tense is in the vivid mode. Here, and "we" are the little Devlins, but what the sentence means is something each reader must determine for himself.)

Cocktails and Laughter: The Albums of Laelia Lindsay (128pp. Hamish Hamilton, £10, 0 241 1083 1) contains a selection of photographs from Laelia, Duchess of Westminster's "twenty large albums, leather-bound and cornered", with an introduction by Hugo Vickers. Episodes from her childhood in St James's Palace, a period as a "Bright Young Thing", her five-year marriage to Bendor, Duke of Westminster, during which she became the chaperone of several large houses and two huge yachts, are illustrated here. We see her as an intriguing traveller, her belle in her own epigram "fancily seen in a bus over the age of thirty has been a failure in life, is borne out by her choice of subjects such as Duke Pulo Verdant, 'the Fabergé of his day', 'the Birdkin' (Sir Winston and Lady Churchill), Lord Berners, and group portraits which include the Sitwells, the Mitfords and Lady Diana Cooper.

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Romantic Re-Vision: Culture and consciousness in nineteenth-century American painting and literature
272pp with black-and-white pictures
University of Chicago Press. £22.
0 226 90501 2

It can only have been a curious and a touching act of faith that prompted the decision to publish Bryan Jay Wolf's book not only in America but in Britain, where historians of art remain notably incurious about nineteenth-century American painting. The decision was based, I imagine, on the estimate of the interest likely to be generated by the more general issues engaged by the book. Thus, in his two essays on Washington Allston, Wolf offers some persuasive comparisons between Allston's work and the concern with irony and parody as we discover it in the first generation of Romantic writers in Europe. Coleridge in particular. In his essay on John Quidor's paintings illustrating the tales of Washington Irving, Wolf examines with great insight the function of comic art, and in it is an attempt to control or press the socially disruptive energies of the visionary imagination; and in a still more ambitious essay on the landscapes of Thomas Cole, Wolf attempts a detailed reading of the interplay of sublime and beautiful features in the paintings which appeals to a sophisticated version of Thomas Weiskel's account of the Romantic sublime in terms of the Oedipus complex. It seems unlikely, however, that many art historians in this country will be willing to undergo a course of instruction in the work of these painters just in order to discover the implications in Wolf's work for the study of European art. I don't suppose that there would have been had I not been asked to review this book, and my loss would have been considerable.

The essays, writes Wolf, "are studies in the peculiar modernity of American Romantic painting: its sense of loss and disquiet, its conservative fear of the artist's visionary powers, and its recurrent self-consciousness and self-referentiality". In a brief review, their implications of preferring to believe that Romantic art is peculiarly modern, rather than that modernist art is peculiarly Romantic, are probably the best left undiscussed: either way, Wolf's summary indicates clearly enough the directions of his essays, or Allston and Quidor at least. Those of Allston are particularly impressive for their accuracy, for example, of the moment in his early landscapes towards a representation of "nature" ever more mediated by quotation from other artists: as the distance increasingly become the objects yearning, natural origins that might authenticate the language of painting, the physical terms, and always, monotonous, more evidently constructed out of the very language the artist required to depict the world. And so, too, that Allston attempts to pass through the wall of his studio turns out to be just another painting, hanging there to confirm the studio as "a gilded cage". At times, argues Wolf, Allston attempted to follow a version of the route taken by Coleridge in his "Ancient Mariner" and *Biograph Literaria*, and to base an aesthetic irony on the failure of the natural scene of paintings to refer to natural originals more than to other paintings. In the end, however, it is only a fear of an artistic vision able only to conceal or debar the world it cannot reveal.

The peculiar lassitude of many of Allston's paintings, the sense of being communicated that everything has been said, the feeling that the artist has done his best, all these things are in contrast with the energy of Odoardo's transformations. Trivoli, which nevertheless has been awarded, according to Wolf, no less a fear of the vicissitudes of the artist than have the later works of Allston. In a book but exceptionally intelligent accounts of Irving, probably the best single thing in the book, Wolf suggests that Trivoli characterizes the final detail of a composition which is followed here by the final stroke of a brush.



the encroachments of commercial society, but extend their own entry into it, by converting the oral tradition into a commodity, a saleable myth of origins. Quidor's paintings seem to criticize the tales they illustrate, from a point of view altogether less convinced of the benign nature of fictions which seek to institutionalize, within modern society, a space where its order and values can be regarded with irrelevant irresponsibility. But, suggests Wolf, in seeking at once to represent and to control the irresponsibility that threatens Quidor and the society of social order, the paintings magnify the power, by the imagination by their own instantiation of its power, before which the system of controls that Quidor deploys seems entirely impotent.

The accounts of both artists, and of the writers Wolf considers - Emerson and Hawthorne as well as Irving - are original, vigorous and stimulating, though on the basis of the works reproduced. It is hard to arrive at anything like so confident an understanding as Wolf's of the response of either painter to the misshapenness of his imagination. Rather

Vision and Painting: The Logic of the Gaze
189pp. Macmillan. £20.
0333 320174

Perhaps it is in the nature of philosophy that the problems of aesthetics and ethics get off the ground in a scabidous way. Two thousand years ago, Plato and Aristotle were already debating whether and how art represents nature? Yet here we go again. Norman Bryson's contribution is a ringing indictment of the dogma that art appears to match the objective projection of the visual world. The indictment is useful and welcome but weakened by its one-sidedness. Bryson says, briefly, of the approach of E. H. Gombrich, the main target of his attack, that it "subtly by-passes its own schemata at the same time as it insists on them, and in that gaze of the innocent eye against which no loud protests, comes back to the conscious instability of Universal Visual Experience" (10). But what if we take Gombrich not art historians in general can be accused of trying to resolve the contradiction simply by testing its art as mere impositions, which keep us temporarily from attaining the ideal of life's truth.

Bryson's thesis becomes more controversial when we are told that the dogma of an objectively given universal model is not limited to historians straying into psychology, philosophy but amounts to the original sin of Western civilization. One may

less persuasive are the two essays on Thomas Cole: the first on the "Expulsion from the Garden of Eden," of 1827, the second on a sequel, of landscapes of the Catskills, also of the mid-1820s. The second essay offers an account of Cole's landscapes as working towards a structure by which forms of masculine authority, dark and progressively featureless mountains, block access to the beautiful and feminine landscapes we glimpse beyond them, which may be attained, however, by a resourceful deployment of the language of painting - in particular by trails of vapour which coil round behind the mountains, suggesting a means of linguistic, or symbolic, access to the distance which is denied by the physical terrain of peak and abyss - and thus a means also of appropriating symbolically "the power of those peaks, by the sublimated, imaginative possession of the beautiful distance. The first essay offers a rather different interpretation of a painting, which hardly seems to differ, however, in terms of the structural features that engage Wolf: from the Catskill landscapes; in the "Expulsion" Cole more simply renounces their homogeneous, rational and beautiful

picture. Painting thereby defeats its own effectiveness because it forces upon the sense of vision the unnatural attitude of the "gaze". The gaze collects the fleeting observations of our

glance, which is the natural manner of seeing things using the eyes and "can never be stated." Recommended as monuments suitable to the habits of eyes and viewed with the eye, the calligraphic painting of the Five Masters of the East, which transmits the experience of the brushwork, active brushwork and thereby makes contact with the equally active power of viewing.

I need hardly point out that the interpretation, in spite of its manifestly strikingly observed details, depends on a highly selective notion of Western art and amounts to little more than a polemic for an aesthetic preference that happens to be in fashion. Moreover, it is useful if Brecken's way of coping with the problem is to be faced by everybody who professes to be universalist of attitude. It is sterile to realize that the aestheticism of the relatively sterile. To overcome the semiotic problem in coded strategies, however, we would require more than a few hints as to how, in a given work, conventional citations are "elided in a single frame".

Brecken's argument would be more forceful if he had avoided two pitfalls. He could have realized that a "conscious" of denotation is not a "connotation" as untenable in the aesthetic as he knows them to be in language. The second reason for this is that the

landscapes of Paradise in favour of vertiginous, sublime prospects offered by self-knowledge and the opportunity for participation in a history which mankind is now free to make for itself. Both interpretations make sense (and fairly easy sense) in terms of the socio-political history of nineteenth-century America which, though often submergéd, is never absent from Walt psychoanalytical approach; but the readings of the Catskill landscapes may be a bit too single-minded in this ascription of symbolic meaning to the minute details of the works. I smell weeds and strands of vegetation.

No short summary of these two essays, however, can avoid revealing them. It was brave of Wolf to push so far, and in a detailed study of a specific sequence of paintings, we understand of the aesthetics of the eighteenth-century and Romantic sublime in terms of the processes of the oedipal phase, which, for those who happen to believe in such a thing, is probably the most persuasive explanatory model currently available. If I was not persuaded, I was a good deal more so than I find it comfortable to admit.

[illegible][illegible]

The Squandered Peace: The World, 1945-1975
455pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £14 (paperback, £8.95).
0340 331275

There is generally a gap between reality as perceived by contemporaries and the later generation of historians. The problem is compounded in any portrayal of the recent past where commentators write as both participants and historians. Both these books, dealing with the post-war decades, record events which the writers witnessed. Memory has been checked against the historical record. Richard Mayne's bibliography, in particular, will send the reader to a number of unconventional sources. His *Postwar* records the history of Europe from VE Day until the establishment of the EEC in 1957. It is such a memoir as a history, though Mayne's personal experiences (he was a senior official of the European Economic Community and Knew Jean Monnet, Walter Hallstein and other leaders) are always used to personalise the story. People rather than events tell his own story. This book is a delight to read; one has the impression of a man of wide sympathies, interests and culture. A chronological narrative of the political and economic reconstruction of Europe and a record of its cultural and social changes. *Postwar* is at its best as a mirror of the changing moods of the decade. The

zones of the Nuremberg Trial and the creation of Jan Masaryk's last week, for example, are sharply etched. The impact of American aid, ideas and personnel is strikingly summarized. Mayne perceptively captures that combination of respect for and delight in the wealth, energy and glamour of the new missionaries (there were good ones) who rescued the Americans called their missions "country" and "country missions" with the sense of fear and awe that the American invasionism imposed everywhere in Europe (not least of all in Adenauer's Germany). The chapter on the economic rebuilding of western Europe, appropriately titled "Miracles and Corporation Men", gives life to what has become for most students and scholars, bureaucracies and inflexible structures. If there is a hero of this book, it is Jean Monnet, not only because of the Commissariat du Plan, but also both Mayne and John Valsey see him as the key factor in the economic revival of France, but because of his stubborn fight to achieve a more united

It is not just the economic leaders of Germany, France and Italy who are detailed in these pages. Considerable attention is given to the Western European cultural and social scene. Mayne traces the evolution of the post-war theatre, novel and cinema, capturing the quest for realism and for the experimental, the taste for the ironic and the tragic. (*Brideshead Revisited* was first published in 1945) and the emergence of the *nouveau roman*. Much of this appears little more than a middlebrow "kaleidoscope," Mayne surveys something of the richness and diversity of that post-war flowering, but it is in all senses, a period piece.

The book, however, is clearly intended to be more than the story of post-war Europe, its successes and its failures, its advances and its retreats. The "epitaph" points to the emergence of the European Community, which Mayne celebrates as the dawn of the period's triumphs and the rebirth of western European national confidence. And, sense of the years that has been accomplished seems much less than what it is. It is, however, Mayne's final reminder that the path that led to the Rome Treaty of March 1957 had far more in it than the creation of an economic community and European bureaucracy. It was the fact that the

superpowers were not present – but, then, neither was half of Europe, including Britain.

Richard Mayne's optimistic note is in striking contrast to the tone of Lord Vaizey's more ambitious volume dealing with the years 1945-75. Vaizey's attempt both to record the main events of those years and to discuss and answer fundamental questions about the gap between the hopes of 1945 and the present reality has resulted in a rather unsatisfactory compromise between historical intention and didactic purpose. He is basically concerned with the waning of Western influence, moral, political and economic, at a time when the West has demonstrated its capacity for economic growth and technological progress. Communism, he argues, despite its own failures and drawbacks, has spread far beyond the borders of the Soviet-controlled world and has succeeded in capturing the world's imagination. Even states which have experienced constitutional democracy and been the recipients of Western aid have chosen forms of authoritarian and despotic rule. At other levels, too, Vaizey uses the events of the past to explore the nature of our present discontents. In spite of impressive strides in science and technology, the old irrational atomisms not only remain but have been revived. The forces of material progress, economic interdependence and the transportation revolution have been countered by the reappearance and strengthening of nationalism, religious fervour and territorialism. Science and technology has wrought a mutation in the length and quality of life has proved a double-edged blessing; nuclear power has resulted in a balance of terror and a threat to global existence.


In such a survey, the balance and level of discussion inevitably draw criticism: in this story, Vaites's central argument has distorted his historical purpose. Despite its subtitle and chapters on the United States and the Soviet Union (more informative with regard to the former than the latter), as well as on other parts of the globe, this is a Eurocentric book. Events in the Middle East, Africa, and Asia, viewed through European-tinted glasses; the section on Latin America consists of a discussion of Castro's Cuba and Allende's Chile. Developments in China are detailed but Japan, despite its importance for the present world economy and, incidentally, for Vaites's argument, is barely mentioned. The book must be judged on the merits of its case rather than on its coverage of the past.

Contrary to the impression conveyed by some of his early columns, Valzei is not a traditional "cold warrior". He has no doubts about the nature and continuity of the Stalinist and post-Stalinist state; he strongly condemns President Roosevelt's decisions at Yalta. As his story progresses, however, he becomes increasingly critical of American leadership. He underlines, for instance, a number of lost opportunities for effective defence; above all, he criticizes the Cold War since 1955. He sees Dulles's policies in the Middle East and American ambitions in that area as the cause of the resurgence of Arab nationalism, with its attendant political and economic dangers—a thesis open to debate. He views the 1960s as the decade when, under Presidents Kennedy, of whom he is sharply and rightly critical, and Johnson, the pursuit of immediate aims and self-serving interests lost sight of the interests of their friends and allies. He accuses the Marxists to gain a moral advantage and propaganda victory far in excess of their resources or achievements.

Vaizey's treatment of the German question, too, shows a sensitivity to the historical evidence and the range of possible alternatives not commonly found in traditional accounts of the Cold War. He underlines Adenauer's success in associating Western Germany with the United States, which ruled out any serious consideration of the idea of a neutral and disarmed Germany. Vaizey is too subtle a historian and economist to treat either capitalism or socialism as

monolithic alternatives. Like Richard Mayne, he sees in Monnet's Commissariat du Plan and Erhard's social market policies the kinds of economic planning needed for recovery. Even more emphatically than Mayne, he views the failure of the post-war British governments to develop long-range plans for reconstructing the economy as the primary reason for Britain's relatively poor performance and late enjoyment of the first fruits of European prosperity. The preoccupation with a vanished past not only focused British attention on foreign policy rather than on fundamental economic problems but resulted in the wrong choice of diplomatic options. The British government still thought in terms of the "special relationship" (an illusion with a far longer history than Vaizey suggests), the Commonwealth, and the Empire when it should have turned its energies to the European Defence Community and the European Economic Community. The result has been a diminution in prestige and influence even greater than the loss of economic strength and a failure to exert leadership when it was sorely needed.

Vaizels is not indifferent to the problems posed by decolonization, which tarnished the image of the former colonial powers and identified the United States as an imperialist power even as the developing nations solicited and welcomed her material assistance. The point might have been made, however, that Soviet efforts in these parts of the world hardly fared any better. It is when Vaizels turns to the other side of the coin that he appears to oversimplify the picture of Western defeat and Marxist triumph. In discussing the changing difference between Marxist states, he frequently treats Marxism as a unitary doctrine and sees its spread as a victory for the "other side". In fact, it can be argued that neither the American nor the Soviet ideologies or systems have been



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successfully exported. The former has been brilliantly successful in packaging a style of living for much of twentieth-century consumer society. More mysteriously, a certain utopian aura of Russian revolutionary promise has survived even the grimmest evidence as to the realities of the Soviet case. But neither the package nor the aura can be equated with the imposition of actual control.

It is when the United States has attempted to fill the vacuum created by imperial retreat that she has most often come to grief. History suggests, moreover, contrary to Vaizey's view, that it is when the United States has pursued ideological objectives that she has increased rather than diminished human suffering and has been forced to withdraw. Similarly, in areas where they were not in military control or proximity, the Russians have had painful experiences; benefaction brings neither gratitude nor emulation. There is no reason to believe, and a great deal of evidence to the contrary, that constitutional rule is an appropriate form of government for most states. The experience of Inter-war Europe suggests that democracy can flourish only under very special conditions. Only immediately after the war, and in certain places, has the United States had the power to impose its ideological constructions. Nor could it have done this unless the social structure evolved making absorption possible.

Vaizy believes that given the nature of Communism, the main responsibility for the failure to win the post-war struggle against Marxism and nationalism rests with the United States. Only that country could have achieved more of the goals which the defeat of Nazism and the pace of technological and economic progress should have made possible. Without denying American misperceptions and mistakes, this is to exaggerate the strength even of that superpower and

to underestimate the diversity of nations outside the European orbit for whom only some form of authoritarian government is a realistic option. Differences between states and continents make any simple division of the world between capitalist and Marxist difficult to draw and impossible to maintain.

Writing of the situation in 1975, Vaizey claims that the Europeans have repudiated American leadership. The fact is, however, that the Western European states have chosen to remain clients and dependents. Having rebuilt their structures on American aid and military protection, they have the potential in population, resources and ideas to be a real third force. If it has been first Soviet and then American self-interest which has blocked the neutralization of Europe, it has also been the choice of the Western European states to forego the sacrifices which this experience would require. Such a choice might well have resulted in a different fate for parts of Eastern Europe. It is unrealistic to believe that the United States has the power, either by example or by force, to impose liberal values on other states. It may be equally illusory to think that the European nations could free themselves from histories and traditions which even the cataclysms of two world wars have not destroyed. At the least, as Richard Mayne illustrates in his account, that post-war generation, who were realists and not Wilsonian dreamers, hoped that a genuine European Community would evolve. From Lord Vaizey's vantage point, if the promise of 1945 has only been partially fulfilled (and he may underestimate European satisfaction with its uneasy but lengthy peace and its relative prosperity shared by more people than in any previous era), the fault may well lie not with the United States but with Western Europe itself. Charity may begin in America but audience begins at home.

Faculty: Shoshana Felman, Yale University
Northrop Frye, University of Toronto
Sandra M. Gilbert, University of California, Davis
Stephen Greenblatt, University of California, Berkeley
Leonard Meyer, University of Pennsylvania
Jurij Sriedler, Harvard University
Hayden White, University of California, Santa Cruz

The School of Criticism and Theory will hold its eighth session from June 25 to August 3, 1984 on the Northwestern University campus. Those admitted to the School will work together as a community for six weeks to explore recent theoretical developments in literary and humanistic studies. Postdoctoral and graduate students from the fields of literature, the arts, the humanities, and the related social sciences are invited to apply for the approximately sixty spaces in the program. Tuition will be \$960. Northwestern University offers ten fellowships for postdoctoral scholars who are still in the first ten years of their professional careers; some tuition scholarships are available. Since awards are so limited in number, candidates are urged to seek support from their home institutions.

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[illegible]

Crossing the boundaries

Richard Buxton

LOUIS GERNET
Les Grecs sans miracle: Textes réunis
Edited by Riccardo di Donato
429pp. Paris: Maspero. 230fr.
2 7071 1365 4

It is always a pleasure to greet an addition to the series "Textes à l'appui", the adventurous collection of studies of classical antiquity published by Maspero. Quite apart from the content, these durable paperbacks are beautifully produced, with covers displaying a delightful sense of colour and design. On the front of the volume under review there are two heads. One belongs to Dionysus, the other to the late Louis Gernet. Leaving aside the spectacles and the baldness (Gernet's in each case), we see a marked resemblance between these distinguished profiles. And the resemblance is appropriate. Not that there is anything ecstatic or uncontrolled about the writing of Gernet; quite the reverse. But Gernet, like Dionysus, was a boundary-crosser. His reputation, now higher than ever, rests principally on two works, *Droit et société dans la Grèce antique* (1955) and *Anthropologie de la Grèce antique* (1968, posthumously). These demonstrate in full measure their author's ability to range freely over classical law, history, myth and ritual, and his acumen in deploying perspectives which originated from work in sociology. There is another similarity between the two heads: both Gernet and Dionysus were situated on the margins. Gernet spent about thirty years of his academic career in Algeria, only returning to Paris in 1948 when he was in his mid-sixties; and when he did return, the seminars which he gave at the Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes were by all accounts attended only by a few of the pupils.

One of those pupils, Jean-Pierre Vernant, contributes the preface to *Les Grecs sans miracle*. Vernant leads us to expect threefold enlightenment from the material which the editor, R. di Donato, has put together: insight into the progress of Gernet's own thought; illumination of the intellectual milieu in which he grew up, and worked; and confirmation of the crucial role in Gernet's thinking occupied by the passage from pre-monetary, "pre-law" Greece to the world of the classical city. Having Vernant write you a preface may be a

pretty risky business (as Marcel Detienne will have found with *Les Jardins d'Adonis*): it is almost impossible for the book to live up to the send-off. In the present case, so appetizing is the introductory Pernot that one anticipates a succulent banquet indeed.

For starters we get a number of previously unpublished pieces, described by Vernant as "d'intérêt majeur". This is hardly true of all the items, but two of them are useful in helping us to understand what Gernet was driving at. "Les débuts de l'hellénisme" is about the idea, to which Gernet came back repeatedly from different angles, that certain positivist and "rational" aspects of classical Greek thought have their antecedents in religious patterns of belief and behaviour. The same point is made in the piece which examines the moral-philosophical concept of *sôphrosunê* (self-control, restraint, self-discipline). Gernet intriguingly observes that one place where self-discipline is found is in initiation ceremonies, since such conduct is characteristically expected of those subjected to rites of passage as they move from age-class to age-class. If we accept the widespread existence in pre-classical Greece of initiation ceremonies, then Gernet's essay gives a further instance of the *laissez-faire* under the *polis* of what had formerly been a religious notion. Unfortunately Gernet's argument is sketchy as it stands, and would surely have been reworked and properly documented by the author before publication.

A hundred and sixty-one pages are devoted to reviews ("interventions critiques") or review articles ("discussions"). Even when the reviewer has such an easy manner as Gernet - often ironical but never bilious - this still does not make for easy reading. But some interesting points emerge. The vast majority of the reviews are for sociological studies, written for *L'Année sociologique* alone, supporting. If support were a boundary-crosser. He is warmest in his praise of those who themselves go beyond traditional approaches to classical texts: two major works by M.L. Pinley, *Spudias in Land and Credit in Ancient Athens* and *The World of Odysseus*, received prompt and generous notices. A constant object of Gernet's criticism is the belief (which he describes as "superstitious") in an idealized spirit of Hellenism, the "Greek genius", the "Greek miracle", etc. As he rightly

observes, to account for the reforms of Cleisthenes by invoking the *esprit égallitaire* of the Greeks is simply to rephrase the question.

In order to solve this and similar problems we are urged to recover the context, as part of an exercise in historical anthropology. In such an undertaking false familiarity with the Greeks is fatal, since it deprives history of its power to shock us by its otherness - that is, to *dépayser*. Typical of the approach is his reaction to the theory that the Delphic oracle was the vehicle for the propagation of a new, and newly spiritual, religious doctrine. He objects that no satisfactory context, in terms of the behaviour of the priesthood, has been established in order to make the notion of propaganda stick. No less characteristically, he is sceptical of the supposed content of the propaganda. "De quoi l'auteur a-t-il voulu faire gloire à Delphes? Des étre élevés à une pensée qui s'apparenterait à la nôtre et dont on ne doute pas qu'elle corresponde à une vérité éternelle." "Qui s'apparenterait à la nôtre" - the opposite of *dépaysement*.

After so many pages of Gernet's responses to others, one's indignation is relieved on page 247: "You-you. En marge d'Hérodote". This article, published in 1932, is more fun than anything else di Donato has given us. Gernet starts from the remark of Herodotus (4, 189) that among the practices borrowed by the Greeks from the barbarians of North Africa was the utterance by women of shrill ritual cries at certain religious ceremonies. With this in mind, Gernet first notes

the contextual similarities between the Berber cry of *you-you* and the cry which the ancient Greeks referred to as *ololugê*. The rapprochement becomes neater still when he gives reasons for thinking that the word *ololugê* could be used to denote the cry literally transcribed as *ou-ou*. More important is the analysis of the role of the cries. It had been argued that they were uttered in order to ward off evil spirits; or, alternatively, that they arose "spontaneously" as individuals responded to the promptings of emotion experienced during a ritual. The former explanation is in Gernet's view secondary, and the latter ignores the collectiveness of the phenomenon. With eminent good sense the admirer of Durkheim and Mauss concludes: "Nous avons affaire... à un usage social du cri: celui-ci fait partie de l'expression obligatoire des sentiments; il est d'ordre institutionnel."

The piece on *you-you* is the first in a section of already-published studies ("Varia"). By the high standards of the two earlier collections of Gernet's work there is nothing here to take the breath away, but it is handy to have access to things which first appeared in Algerian periodicals. One essay which may be singled out (pages 280-92) is about developments in the investigation of religion in the first 100 years of this century. Already in 1904 Gernet was aware of the potential sterility of attempts to pin down the "origins" of religious phenomena, and alert to the lessons to be drawn from the notion of structure as elaborated in structural linguistics. Yet he was too meticulous to fail to register the other,

more haphazard aspect of myth (whence Lévi-Strauss's *bricolage*): at one point he speaks of the small building-blocks with which the Greeks operated as "une mythologie dé-intégrée".

The last section of the book consists of some writings on contemporary political issues - or, as the editor's deeply Gallic rubric has it, "Politique et culture". While it is pertinent to demonstrate the extent of Gernet's commitment to socialism, I am not sure that the intrinsic worth of at least some of the essays merited re-publication. In any case the editor should - on respectfully Gernetian grounds - have provided us with a detailed political context within which to locate the arguments. In the absence of such assistance I would guess that (for instance) Gernet's lengthy and impassioned plea that France should more fervently embrace municipal socialism (1908) is likely to lack bite in the 1980s. Gernet was on the side of the angels, but an air of distance hangs over some of his later discussions of politics. Although to say that racism was a major issue at the time of the occupation of France is to state the obvious, nevertheless in writing in 1943, from Algeria, about racism in antiquity, Gernet somehow still remained on the margins.

Les Grecs sans miracle will not, then, materially affect Gernet's standing. It does not bear comparison with his best work, but as a useful collection of *kleine Schriften* it helps to fill out our impression of a humane and truly innovative scholar.

Cutting out the frills

Averil Cameron

GEORGE A. KENNEDY
Greek Rhetoric under the Christian Emperors
334pp. Guildford: Princeton University Press. £30.20 (paperback), £10.10.
0 691 03565 2

The passion for rhetoric and the domination of the panegyric in Roman imperial culture are among its features most alien to modern taste. Easier, then, to ignore them. But the fact is that for most of the upper class, whether they spoke Greek or Latin, rhetoric formed the staple if not the sole fare of their higher education, while every public occasion was accompanied by the recital of panegyrics, usually in the plural. That most of these thousands that were composed are now lost, and fortunately so, to our taste, tends to make us forget how acceptable as well as how much taken for granted such productions were. In this blandly conservative régime, not only was political debate now no longer a real option, but praise of the status quo was daily to be heard in ever increasing elaboration.

We tend to assume that those who wrote such works, whose influence inevitably pervaded other forms of literature as well, could not possibly be "sincere", but that is to adopt a hopelessly anachronistic viewpoint and to neglect completely the function of rhetoric (and especially of panegyric) within this society. Above all, why did the Roman empire develop and hand on to Byzantium a system of education that ignored not only all practical knowledge but also nearly every subject known to modern schools and universities? The continuity of this system preserved the exclusivity of the elite, but it also reinforced the stiflingly negative attitudes to innovation of any kind, and perpetuated an intellectual climate in which form and expression were all. We could look on all this as a useful tool of the government for reducing the possibility of change, were it not that the emperors and the government were as much formed by the general situation as anyone else.

The arrival of Christianity in the Roman world, and in particular in the Greek East, where a high urban culture gave it a special momentum, to rhetoric. The very qualities of which it

various kinds of tension, of which its relation to the prevailing educational system and its effects was not the least. To many it seemed to clash with accepted intellectual values, for it taught that the source of true knowledge lay outside any human education. The frills and conceits of rhetoric obscured the truth, in the eyes of many Christians, and most of the great Christian writers who did show the influence of Greek or Latin rhetoric felt uneasy about it to the end of their days. There was scope for much debate as to what was the "true" rhetoric, or how Christianity could be reconciled with the seductive voices of the classics, with Cicero or Virgil in the West and Plato or Demosthenes in the East. The language of the Bible was a great stumbling-block to an early fusion of cultures, but some Christian writers actually boasted of the lowly style contrasted with the false glitter of pagan rhetoric. Certainly, Christianity was able to appeal to the humbler levels of society, and consequently it placed its own educated adherents in a very awkward position. When the emperors themselves became Christian - the point at which George Kennedy begins in this, the third volume of his history of rhetoric in the classical world - there were acute problems of adjustment.

And yet from the very beginning Christianity itself was built on rhetoric. It was a religion of the book, and the form in which it evolved was deeply dependent on Greek philosophical discourse. Christ was revealed, it taught, as the Logos, and this in turn could be seen, as it was by Eusebius in the fourth century, as part of the system of signs by which God made known His dispensation to the world. Thus there were two levels: the "higher rhetoric", known only through God, and the more worldly rhetoric to which Christians had as much right as pagans. The tension is shown with perfect clarity in the *Life of Anthony*, the first monastic precursor itself of the vast Christian hagiographic literature, for this life of an unwashed hermit who probably spoke Coptic is in fact a sophisticated document written by the great Athanasius, and incorporating long and elaborate speeches on complex doctrinal and political issues.

Not only was there by now hardly any Christian literature that could genuinely claim an artless simplicity: the formulation of the fifth itself demanded the very qualities of which it

professed to disapprove. Professor Kennedy's is more of a handbook about the externals of the history of rhetoric than a confrontation with some of these larger issues, and it attempts to go from Constantine to thirteenth-century Byzantium. Obviously some of these problems crop up from time to time, but they tend to become lost in the welter of detail. Unfortunately, too, the way in which Kennedy has divided his material makes it impossible for him to pursue some of the themes most worth pursuing. He starts this volume with Eusebius and Constantine, relegating both early Christian and Greek imperial literature to the end of the previous volume (*The Art of Rhetoric in the Roman World*, 1971). But so mechanistic a choice has deprived him of the possibility of not only discussing the formative period of Christian exegesis and its relation to classical language and ideas, but also of tracing the continuity between the Greek orators of the Second Sophistic and their Christian successors in the Greek cities of the Late Empire.

The theme, embracing the importance of rhetoric itself in late antiquity, and the place of Christianity in relation to it, is far too big for a handbook, however useful, and none could do justice to it within the compass. Kennedy passes over, for instance, the striking revival of rhetoric the expense of prose in late Greek panegyric, and he as good as omits the sixth century altogether. Anyone who picks holes. But what we need now is not a history of rhetoric but an attempt to grapple in wide terms with just some of the problems I have suggested (there are countless others) and to ask, as Kennedy usually does not, what the characteristic forms of expression of the later empire actually reveal about the nature of that society.

Byzantium, City of Gold: City of Pain, with a text by Werner Forman, is a photographic by Paul Wertheimer, a recent addition to Orbis Publications. "Behooves of the Ancient World" (128pp, £10.85/£13.36/£9). It begins the mists of myth - tradition has it that the founder, in the seventh century BC, of the small Greek colony on the shores of the Bosphorus was called Byzas - and ends with an epilogue: "The City of Conquest and After". The main body of the book documents and illustrates the imperial, religious, commercial and architectural grandeur of the three-named city.

STEPHEN BROOK (Editor)
The Oxford Book of Dreams
266pp. Oxford University Press.
£8.95.
0 19 214130 9

CHRISTOPHER EVANS
Landscapes of the Night: How and why we dream
Edited and completed by Peter Evans
256pp. Gollancz £7.95.
0 573 03104 2

OUP's splendid collection will nail once and for all the notion that dreams are boring, irrelevant effusions, that relating your dreams is the ultimate social sin. Most people's dreams in fact are more interesting than their conversation, splashing out boldly with colour, humour and invention. The real problem is: why can't we do it when we are awake? What happens to all that fertility when it is squashed by daylight reasoning, and why do only lunatics, lovers and poets have access to it then?

Stephen Brook could hardly have done the job better. The great, expected dreams are here: "Kubik Khan"; De Quincey's drugged landscapes; Anna Karenina's mumbled, "small and dreadful", bearded peasant; Lucy Snowe's dream of the beloved dead who ignored her; the frightful reptile in *The Idiot*; Jung's Siegfried dream; the *Wuthering Heights* dream; Borges's dreamed construction of a man; the butterfly dream of Chuang-tzu; the nightmare song from *Lolita*; Milton's "late-spoused Saint" sonnet; Alice's awakening from Wonderland; and - of course - "Last night I dream I went to Manderley again". But there are lots of surprises. Who would have thought that dreamy Southey would have produced such a good crop, or Ruskin nightmares? Brook has some fine modern poems (Sexton, Redgrave, Shuttle, Hughes, Larkin, Lucie-Smith, Berryman) and Norse sagas, Virgil, Nabokov, Evelyn Waugh dreaming of boredom, Ogden Nash, Petronius Arbiter, Joseph Heller; and a painful piece from Nadezhda Mandelstam's *Hope Abandoned*: "You came to me every night in my sleep, and I kept asking what had happened, but you did not reply."

But of course no reviewer of an anthology can resist mentioning something they would like to have seen included. I would have liked, for its simplicity, Matthew Arnold's "Longing", for its metaphysics, Jung's dream of the yogi whose dream Jung was; some entries from Swedenborg's *Journal of Dreams*, where he gives the most outrageously erotic dreams a religious interpretation; from *The Poems*, instead of Wordsworth's "Arabian Nights" dream, the "huge and mighty forms" of Book I; and the coming of rain in Part V of "The Ancient Mariner".

The book is proof of how people treasure dreams, but there is ambivalence too; exasperation as well as awe, contempt as well as fascination. The finest entertainment known, "And given rag-cheap", says Robert Graves; "a messy pile of rubble... To hell with Freud!", says Francisco Umbral. Homer settles it with the gate of ivory and gate of horn, one for the conscious dream and one for the true one. The "anti-dream" brigade could argue that everything collected here is a dream, or at the least the dreaming of literary people; that ordinary people's ordinary dreams are dream. I don't think this is so; but the disadvantage of an anthology like this is that each dream lacks context - and dreams need a context.

If they are used as literature, we need to know their significance in the dreamer's life. Brook includes from the *Wuthering Heights* (p. 900) the birth of the dream, and at once I want to know what it portends; but, being more of a seer, I don't. How much more horrible the *Anna Karenina* dream when we realize that the dreamer appears just before Anna's death on the other hand, they are the same from life we want to know

something of the dreamer's situation at the time, and what else he has dreamt, for dreams go in series. Sometimes, since it is chiefly famous people's dreams that get preserved (there is only one case-history Anon here), we do know a little; that Katherine Mansfield's dream of a great splintering of herself, for instance, happened three years before her actual death and helped reconcile her to it; that Kafka's dream invention of a magic flying vehicle that can penetrate anywhere is followed in his diary by an opposite image of brutal murderous entry, and that the two are related to the theme in his work of being shut in and shut out. But mostly we must accept anthologized dreams as little pieces broken off from a whole. In fact Brook sometimes arranges them in such a way that they form new combinations with wittily commenting on one another.

There is not much support for either Freudians or Jungians here, phallic symbols being as rare as archetypes or alchemy (though there are certainly a number of snakes). It is difficult to see what caused Freud to adopt wish-fulfilment (now officially on its way out) as the ruling motive in dreams; I could only find one true example, simple and poignant, from Mary Wollstonecraft: "Dream that my little baby came to life again; that it had only been cold, and that we rubbed it before the fire, and it lived. Awake and find no baby. Not in good spirits." Certainly many of these dreams are such as no one could wish to have, for unpleasant ones greatly outnumber pleasant or funny ones. Brook has divided the book according to themes - Animals, Food, Travel, Violence, and so on - and has a section on Nightmare, but a good many in the other sections are nightmare enough. Apart from the dreams of a loved, lost one returning, there are only three reports of blissful dreams - by Julien Green, George Du Maurier in *Peter Ibbotson*, and Keats.

In the nightmares certain themes recur. Creeping, crawling, slimy creatures are so common that one is led to wonder if there is some kind of innate repugnance in mammals for creatures without warm blood or a backbone. They always appear with a sense of horror. Then there are the familiar dreams of paralysis and struggling with impossible tasks - perhaps even more common actually than they appear here, because not found unusual enough to record. There is the nightmare of something returned to but found subtly changed, of which that fine Mandelstam opening to *Rebecca* is a good example: "Nature had come into her own again, and little by little, in her stealthy, insidious way had encroached upon the drive with long, tenacious fingers... There were other trees as well, trees I did not recognize, squat oaks and tortured elms that straggled cheek by jowl with the beeches, and had thrust themselves out of the quiet earth, along with monster shrubs and plants, none of which I remembered."

Commonest of all in the nightmare is death - or rather, themes of deadness and aliveness. Corpses open their eyes, babies shrivel up, bodies come to pieces. There is a universal fear of foreseeing one's own death, and the most innocuous-seeming symbols can be portents. Death comes as a black foal, an aeroplane, a boat, stalks of wheat, water, and again, the snake. Visits from the dead can carry the suggestion that they expect you to join them soon. Take comfort, on the other hand, from the fact that the *Onirocriticon* of Astrampychus declares an actual dream of death to signify freedom from anxiety. Logical enough, in a way.

Generally speaking, dreams are very physical, much concerned with curious bodily metamorphoses. Here old ladies grow long beards, there the dreamer loses a tooth the size of a cathedral, here again he is crushed, pinched, blown up, eaten, made small, made large. This may be quite pleasant or at the least a matter of indifference, for, as John Addington Symonds points out, "the terror of dreams bears no relation to the hideousness of their incidents, but to some hidden emotion." Proud remarks that even the name of a dream character, may be

The night visitors

Rosemary Dinnage

at odds with who he really is. "Like those mutilated saints in cathedrals, which ignorant archaeologists have restored, fitting the head of one to the body of another and jumbling all their attributes and names". Indeed the truly terrible dream may contain very little but some highly charged symbol, and in general the more rambling the narrative the less the emotion. Stevenson was haunted in sleep by "a certain hue of brown". A character in *Midnight's Children* sees his death as a bright pomegranate floating behind him in mid-air.



Reproduced from B. Kliban's *Luminous Animals and Other Drawings* (96pp, 16 in colour. Penguin, £2.95, 0 14 006861 9).

Though usually so concrete, dreams can occasionally be metaphysical, though perhaps with such condensed import that they can scarcely be translated into waking language. There is the dream, such as one of Gide's which is not included here, where the dreamer in his dream remembers a dream. Freud says the term of a dream can represent its content, in which case Gide's subject-matter was the nature of recollection, rather than the narrative wrapped round to keep the thing together. Then there is the "lucid dream", where the subject knows he is asleep - often a useful escape mechanism at the crisis of the *pavor nocturnus*. Rarely - the only example given here is Henry James's dream of turning on a ghostly attacker and routing him completely - the lucid dreamer seems to take action to control the story. This was, says James handsomely, "the most admirable nightmare of my life".

There is not much here about the meanings and mechanisms of dreams, though many of the virtuoso dreamers included add their own observations. Trying to scan a dream for meaning and context is literally like tipping a kaleidoscope about: patterns extraordinarily appear and reappear, all related and in the same basic colours. It is a poor dream, a gate-of-ivory dream, that has only one "meaning". It is this resonance that distinguishes the sleep dream from the poverty of daydream. The psychoanalyst D. W. Winnicott describes a patient who wasted time compulsively playing "games of Patience; if instead she had dreamed of playing Patience, he says, he could have said to her, 'You are struggling with God or fate, sometimes winning and sometimes losing, the aim being to control the destiny of four royal families'".

Though the anthology spans nearly thirty centuries there is remarkably little sign here of the march of history. The elements remain much the same, though trains and planes and electricity come on the scene (presumably people now dream of computers). One thing that does noticeably change with modern times is a growing self-consciousness about the dream, which now comes with its author's interpretation. Doris Lessing's character dreams of a multicoloured desert and wakes deciding she has a long haul to undertake. Penelope Shuttle dreams of being deaf, and makes her poem the interpretation. And of course games are played now with dream interpretation, none better than two pages from *Catch-22* about a

psychiatrist and a fish ("What does the fish remind you of? 'Other fish.' 'And what do other fish remind you of?' 'Other fish.'"), or than Iris Murdoch's egg dream, charming, witty, and ridiculous.

"He dreamt he was an egg."
"An egg?"
"He was a huge white egg floating in a sea of turquoise blue, and he was everything that there was."
"It sounds a nice dream."
"No dream is nice for Magnus. All dream experiences fill him with terror. Now he feels that all his limbs are withdrawing inside his body and his face is flattening out and his features are disappearing. He keeps looking in the mirror to make sure his nose hasn't vanished" . . .

"Poor thing. What does the dream mean?"
"Fear of castration."
"What a pity. It sounds so beautiful", said Harriet.
"It's a painter's dream." She pictured the great white egg, tinged a little with ivory, floating in the deeply saturated turquoise ocean.

Landscapes of the Night, begun by the late Christopher Evans and finished by Peter Evans, gives us a run-down of the momentous day in the 1930s when an American researcher first noticed that there were rapid movements of the eyeballs under the lids of a sleeping baby. The same old phenomenon was found in adult sleepers, and it became clear that those people who claim never to dream are deluding themselves; we all spend up to two hours a night dreaming, for people woken during the eye-movement phase of sleep always reported a dream, but at other times never. Dream time seems to be precious; subjects specifically deprived of it make up by spending most of their night dreaming afterwards.

There are also some findings here.

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The heritage of Ham

J. G. Merquior

DAVID T. HABERY

Three Sad Races: Racial identity and national consciousness in Brazilian literature
198pp. Cambridge University Press.
£17.50.
0 521 24722 5

A famous sonnet by the Brazilian poet, Olavo Bilac, ends by calling the music, and hence the soul, of Brazil a "loving flower of three sad races", and in the heyday of modernism the São Paulo scholar and maeceas, Paulo Prado, found fit to subtitle his *Portrait of Brazil* "an essay on Brazilian sadness". In *Three Sad Races*, David T. Habery sets out to study a powerful ideological undercurrent in Brazilian literature: the crucial link between awareness of the country's racial mix and its writers' quest for a national identity – a leitmotiv, and often a melancholy one, in the evolution of Brazilian poetry and narrative prose ever since the days when romanticism held sway in the generation after Independence (1822).

The attitude of the Brazilian elite to this question was for long fairly gloomy. In its eyes, this huge tropical nation was a highly doubtful enterprise and the blame for this was clearly to be put on its ethnic make-up, with its threatening element of "inferior races". In the first republican census of 1890, when large-scale European immigration had barely begun, whites formed less than half the population; half a century later, with São Paulo 80 per cent white, progressive intellectuals such as J. P. Calogeras hailed the quick dissolution of "the heritage of Ham". It took much social change – and the impact of revisionist social historians, led by Gilberto Freyre – to make miscegenation intellectually acceptable. No wonder, the most of racial obsession was so, based on the national literature.

Habery concentrates on six major authors who bear its mark: three self-tormented half-breeds (Gonçalves Dias, Machado de Assis, Mario de Andrade), one pure Negro (Cruz e Sousa) and two dark-skinned whites (José de Alencar and Castro Alves). But he also provides useful bridging chapters on the literary movements which flourished before, between and after his chosen writers, so that the literature of the baroque, the beautiful poetry of late colonial Minas Gerais and even the north-eastern novel of the 1930s also come into his purview. He strikes a sensible balance between a respect for human universals as the source of lasting literary value and an attempt to understand – without collapsing into the biographical fallacy – how a writer's life and environment helps him to apprehend "problems common to mankind".

Antonio Gonçalves Dias (1823–64), the true founder of Romantic poetry in Brazil, was a *cabano* – part black, part Indian – on his mother's side. Nevertheless, by connecting a romantic Indianism – the noble savage, myth plus local colour – he kept at bay both his own black ancestry and the ugly realities of Indian life, of which last he had acquired first-hand knowledge during a scientific expedition in Amazonia. He did not conceal the violence of Indian life, but drew a fanciful distinction between "civilized" types and uncivilized "tribes" relating the latter to the Mongols and the former, rather absurdly, to the "superior" Caucasian stem – ironically, his own mother was not a Tupi, but an assimilated Tupi. As for blacks, his sense of self-identity went still further: it was only in a literary look, in the most medieval verses of "Sexteto of

Brother Anthony", that, as Habery notes Gonçalves Dias was able to praise Africans, idealizing them in turn as brave Moors and ravishing damsels. In other words, the return of the repressed needed a safe literary disguise. In his most popular poem, the fine lyric known as "Song of Exile", there are no natives – indeed, no human beings at all – in its blissful landscape, which is reminiscent of the virgin meadows of his childhood in rural Maranhão. This poem soon became a kind of national anthem of Brazilian *Sehnsucht* although it actually avoids depicting the social physiognomy of the country.

With José de Alencar (1829–77), the father of the Brazilian novel, the Indianist creed was to be similarly both reassured and undermined. Habery stresses the divergence of Alencar's *The Guarani Indian* (1857) from its so-called model, Fenimore Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826). Unlike Cooper's heroine, Alice Munro, Alencar created an Indian Eve who gives herself to a Portuguese knight, Peri, who changes in the process from brutish savage into a true Parsifal of the jungle. Less than a decade later, in the melodious, imagistic prose of *Tracina*, Alencar created an Indian Eve who gives herself to a Portuguese knight, Martim (= Mars and also *mar*, the sea) in order to bear him a son, Moacir, who symbolizes the new mixed race of America. Thus was miscegenation redeemed – though not without ambivalence. For Moacir, born of the fruitful yet painful wedding of sea and land, white Portugal and Indian Ceará (Alencar's own birthplace), is carried by Martim to Europe, just as Peri and Ceci are swept downstream towards the ocean. Once again, the Edenic metaphor for Brazilian society turns away from the real country, as if, in the writer's unconscious, Eden must always be somewhere else.

This psychology of alienation, so strongly inspired by the writer's own origins in Gonçalves Dias, resumes a personal note, this time unconnected with "impure" blood, in the curious case of the great romantic poet, Antonio de Castro Alves (1847–71). For Habery, Castro Alves's fiery abolitionism – he was the first writer consistently to focus on the African element in Brazilian literature – was fundamentally a mask, in that it served as a liberal excuse for Romantic posturing. Castro Alves's rhetoric of freedom, in such superb poems as "The Slave Ship" (1869), may well have legitimized abolitionism in the eyes of the next generation; but its chief meaning, both at the level of style and in terms of the poet's inner life, lay in the strong attraction of the "infamous institution" of slavery for the Romantic mind – a mind which thrived on drama and antithesis, scandal and moral contrast. When slaves replaced idealized Indians as the stuff of poetry, it was only to fall prey to another kind of exploitation – by a youth eager to dramatize its own rebellious marginality, which he embodied better, in Imperial Brazil, than the Byronic Castro Alves, the riotous law student who made a point of *apater le bourgeois*.

Machado de Assis (1839–1908), the greatest name in Brazilian literature, is an altogether different story. Atypically assimilated mulatto, Machado began as a journalist, voicing liberal beliefs; yet there is very little social protest to be found in his subtle, disillusioned fiction of his maturity, apart from one or two moving pages on the injustice of slavery (all the more moving for their being so dead-pan). In this main, however, his work does not yield so easily to Habery's attempt to derive its "design" from his "secret sufferings" as a non-white social

climber. Machado's nimble humour spreads a veil of detachment over his concern with the duplicity of the self, with the hidden conflict between the inner truth and our various public roles – and the same goes for his masterful treatment of our experience of time. Although he writes very perceptively about Machado's psychology, Habery seldom succeeds in backing up his biographical thesis with new readings of the books, except for one or two points in the plots of *Dom Casimiro* and *Alice Memorial*. His plausible idea that Machado's dilemmas as a novelist stemmed from his personal situation is too general to explain the specific shape of his novels.

More convincingly, the symbolist poet João de Souza (1861–98), "the Black Swan", is shown – against Roger Bustide's path-breaking interpretation – to have affirmed his blackness at the same time as he was making strenuous efforts to reach a spiritual heaven of what he called "white Forms". Unlike Machado, Cruz e Sousa remained tied all his life to the cause of the racial underdogs. Beginning as a late Romantic admirer of Castro Alves, he chose to celebrate blackness as the embodiment of an eternal, agonizing sensuality – and used the techniques of symbolism, in highly original books like *Shields* and *Last Sonnets*, to enhance the endless struggle between Dream and Pain.

Finally, with Mario de Andrade (1893–1945) – along with Machado and Lima Barreto (1883–1922), the most important of Brazilian mulatto writers – the racial-national theme permeates the classic work of modernist fiction, the "rhapsody" *Maciunha* (1928); some outstanding paintings by the naïve artist, Rita Loureiro, illustrating forty-odd episodes from the book were exhibited at the Barbican earlier this summer). Whereas the decadent avant-garde led by Graça Aranha (1869–1931) stuck to depicting the "rudimentary mind" of the blacks and the "cosmic terror" of powerless Indians confronted by Nature, in São Paulo the younger modernists rekindled the Romantic search for origins by encouraging decisive advances in colonial historiography. They also exchanged the elegiac tone of the earlier Romantic Indianism for a rowdy, often sarcastic pathos, which made fun of both the past and the present of the Brazilian character.

The paradigm of this new mood was set by Oswald de Andrade (1890–1954) in his dadaist manifesto, "Antropofagia", which extols cannibalism as a cultural foreign, i.e. European influences are to be brutally devoured and digested, instead of imitated, to create a new, self-assertive Brazilian culture. *Maciunha* itself was offered as an "anthropophagic" work; but in fact its highly ambiguous message does not chime with Oswald's aggressive optimism. Habery sees Mario de Andrade as a non-white writer of bourgeois background. A "soul spotted with races", he was most effective on the theme of divided selfhood ("I am three hundred, three hundred and fifty"), and we are invited to look for the root of this self-division in his ethnic predicament. *Maciunha* belongs to the comic-fantastic genre; it is almost Rabelaisian in its scatological self-indulgence and its linguistic inventiveness. But the novel closes on a deeply melancholy note, as its protagonist, anti-hero, sexually and psychologically exhausted, flees into the skies never to return. The moral *Maciunha*, a grown-up man with a small boy's head, who strides both the jungle and the modern town, dies wistfully deprived of a future as his "lost primitive past".

To Habery, this unhappy ending

restores the full sadness underlying the Edenic image in Brazilian literature. He sees modernism at its best as having tried hard to shed alienation as the basic feeling of national consciousness – and failed, so conceding victory to Brazil's white culture. But I am not so sure he is right. Recent interpretations of *Maciunha*, notably by Mario de Souza (*O Tupi e o Alentejo*, 1981), suggest that its refusal of the facile Dionysian message of "Antropofagia" is also an indictment of the hero's stubborn immaturity, rather than a mere punishment for his eventually preferring a white beauty to the daughter of an Indian goddess.

Be that as it may, the modernist's failure (if it was one) to rescue the quest for national identity from the "unhappy consciousness" of race-obsessed writers has not cast a long shadow on subsequent literature. Some of Habery's more sweeping paragraphs tend to magnify his theme into one which dictates "the character and purpose of Brazilian literature as a whole". But the racial issue is far from conspicuous in the poems of Drummond de Andrade or João Cabral, or the novels of Graciliano Ramos and Guimarães Rosa. It seems safer to conclude that in the past fifty years or so the giants among Brazilian writers have no longer been best by the issue of race, nor indeed by the largely false problem of the national fate and identity. This has been the period in which Brazilian literature has become far more social, both in the sense of coming to grips with the human import of social problems and in the sense of addressing itself – for the first time – to anything like a real public.

Within the chronological limits of the book, however, Habery is surely right to stress how central the racial problem has been. The history of the subject has been considerably enriched by *Three Sad Races*, a lively, learned and thought-provoking study, worthy of the tradition pioneered, some twenty years ago, by Raymond Sampaio in *Negro in Brazilian Literature*.

The god of culture

Gordon Brotherston

DAVID CARRASCO

Quetzalcoatl and the Irony of Empire: Myths and Prophecies in the Aztec Tradition
233pp. University of Chicago Press.
£16.
0 226 09487 1

As a professional historian of religion, David Carrasco has chosen as his subject the most glamorous and plurivocal of deities, Quetzalcoatl, D. H. Lawrence's "Plumed Serpent", the culture bringer and principle of authority respected throughout ancient Mesoamerica. The "irony" that he perceives in this figure derives from the fact that in the pre-Columbian world the legend, or better, dogma of Quetzalcoatl involves not just the consecration of his authority but its subversion: having established his rule in the first of all cities Tula (Tollan) and taught its Toltec inhabitants writing and the other arts, he is forced into exile, leaving the city to its ruin. In the celebrated encounter between Moteuczuma and Cortes in 1519 Carrasco finds a last and cumulative example of this cult, reworking old missionary stories in order, yet again, to explain the military defeat of the Aztecs.

On the question of brute data, there can be no doubt that Carrasco's determinedness to avail himself of the best. Throughout he makes good use of recent archaeological evidence to pinpoint what he purportively refers to as Mesoamerican urbanism, with its origins in Quetzalcoatl's Tula, and in particular to situate and describe six cities in the Toltec tradition with which Quetzalcoatl has been associated: Tula, Xicocotitlan, Teotihuacan, Xochicalco, Cholula, Chichen Itza, and Tenochtitlan (Mexico City) where, currently there have been such spectacular finds in the Templo Mayor precinct. Carrasco is equally scrupulous in surveying and assessing as sources of evidence the few texts in native Aztec which have survived the European invasion; and he relates them sensitively to the more numerous alphabetic works deriving from them, in the native literary tradition. Notwithstanding a few errors of fact (eg. the Florentine Codex is written in Spanish, not Nahuatl), Carrasco's work is a very different, and very good, first Franciscan missionary text in Nahuatl, taken as the touchstone of a tradition which continues today.

In these respects Carrasco is well equipped for tackling the enigmas of Quetzalcoatl and the Toltecs. His attention to native sources and his awareness of Spanish testimony enable him to deploy to good effect the concepts that he imports from his own academic discipline, like that of spiritual rivalry between the imperial centre and its periphery, and that of the

thread of "sacred history" exemplified by Quetzalcoatl. Nonetheless he cannot be said entirely to succeed in throwing off the prejudices of his predecessors in the field; and at times he imposes patterns and models of his own onto native experience and expression.

The first and most obvious that coming stems from a reluctance to stress how central the racial problem has been. The history of the subject has been considerably enriched by *Three Sad Races*, a lively, learned and thought-provoking study, worthy of the tradition pioneered, some twenty years ago, by Raymond Sampaio in *Negro in Brazilian Literature*.

Confusing enough in itself, Carrasco's foreshortened historical and political perspective also governs his version of what he calls the "irony of Moteuczuma's empire". For Carrasco contrives to suggest that Cortes the invader really was believed in Quetzalcoatl's return from exile and that this belief, rather than his own, was the key to his success. Carrasco's story, told by the Aztecs themselves, is very different, and is evidenced by their priests' reply to the first Franciscan missionary text in Nahuatl, taken as the touchstone of a tradition which continues today.

In these respects Carrasco is well equipped for tackling the enigmas of Quetzalcoatl and the Toltecs. His attention to native sources and his awareness of Spanish testimony enable him to deploy to good effect the concepts that he imports from his own academic discipline, like that of spiritual rivalry between the imperial centre and its periphery, and that of the

Prospects for expansion

W. H. McCrea

YERVANT TERZIAN and ELIZABETH M. BILSON (Editors)

Cosmology and Astrophysics: Essays in Honor of Thomas Gold
163pp. Cornell University Press. £19.
0 8014 1497 0

JAMAL N. ISLAM

The Ultimate Fate of the Universe
157pp. Cambridge University Press.
£7.95.
0 521 24814 0

Since the end of the Second World War cosmology has played a dominant part in the astonishing development of astronomy. All the stars an astronomer sees belong either to the Milky Way or to some generally similar system, and astronomers can understand stars only by treating them as components of such galaxies. Moreover, it has turned out that they can hope to understand the galaxies only by studying them as components of a cosmos – and, mutually, an expanding cosmos. It is this study that has come to be called cosmology, the rest of physical astronomy being astrophysics.

This study will surely continue so long as there are astronomers to pursue it. So what should we expect an astronomer to observe a billion years hence, say? We might think that, whatever may have happened meantime, at any rate he will be observing the same matter that we observe; because of the expansion of the universe, he will simply see it to be somewhat more dispersed. Or, we might think, if there is nothing special about our own epoch, why should the universe in the large look different at any other epoch? Of course, if it has the same appearance, a future astronomer, in spite of its expansion, this would have to be maintained by the continual creation of new matter. Or again, we might think there can be no telling whether or not a future astronomer will be seeing the same matter as we see, but that whatever matter he does see will be obeying the same laws of physics as the matter we see; and these laws will themselves tell him he is seeing the same or different matter. Or, finally, we might say that we cannot think of laws apart from laws, so that in the end it is impossible to assign a meaning to the idea of the cosmos as a whole obeying any laws at all.

The first line of thought has led to big-bang cosmology, which is a rather sophisticated form is now generally accepted by astronomers. The second line of thought, regarded seriously and systematically from 1948 to about 1966, although generally discarded, the profound influence steady-state cosmology exercised upon astronomical thought in those years had lasting effects. Its origins are in effect those of one of the books under review. The other book pursues a third line of thought.

In *Cosmology and Astrophysics* Sir Hermann Bondi asserts categorically that the fundamental idea [of steady-state cosmology] came from "Tommy Gold" and the book is subtitled *Essays in Honor of Thomas Gold*. It is a collection of papers presented at a symposium in 1980 at Cornell University celebrating – as we are informed rather coyly – Gold's sixtieth birthday. Part One is mainly an account of the early history of steady-state cosmology by Bondi, who with Gold published in 1948 in the Royal Astronomical Society's periodical the first paper on the subject, with Gold himself as the subject, with Sir Hoyle, who wrote a paper published the same year in the *Monthly Notices*.

Gold was always at pains to point out how vulnerable to observational test the steady-state model of the universe was. His observation showed any model of the universe in the form of a different – at different times – from about 1955, radio observations, particularly that done in the 1960s, appeared definitely to support the theory of a steady state.

But because the theory made a strong philosophical and aesthetic appeal to so many astronomers, this contradiction was not generally accepted until, in 1965, the discovery of the so-called "microwave background radiation" confirmed a positive prediction of big-bang cosmology. The vast majority of astronomers now accept – maybe almost too readily – the validity of the big-bang model. However, for reasons that he merely outlines in his contribution to this book, Hoyle wishes to retain what appears to be a drastically modified version of steady-state theory. Every cosmologist must expect whatever model is in vogue at the moment to have to be improved in some way, but since the current big-bang model, in its already quite sophisticated formulation, seems to many cosmologists to be quite successful they would naturally expect any improvement upon it to be almost certainly more sophisticated. Therefore, in order to evaluate Hoyle's new proposals they would wish to see them in much more detail.

Because of the historical significance of the part played by the original steady-state model over a crucial period of nearly two decades, it will doubtless be that part of *Cosmology and Astrophysics* which recounts its origins that will attract most interest. In particular, it is valuable to have Hoyle's account of the "almost five months of wasted time" when he was trying to get other journals to publish his paper, before he submitted it to the Royal Astronomical Society. Gold's recollection that the delay occurred at the Society is mistaken, and it is a pity that Hoyle does not go on to mention that, as these things go, it produced his paper quickly. The impression he conveys, that astronomers generally seemed to be antagonistic to it, is not borne out by any such delay in publication nor by the fact that radio astronomers encountered great difficulty in convincing other astronomers that their observations tended to contradict steady-state theory.

Gold himself is perhaps still most widely known for his incursion into cosmology, which may explain why more than half the book's contents fall under that heading. But he has written scarcely a score of pages about it. He is in fact one of the most versatile of scientists. His early researches were in physics, and he has contributed also to both fundamental and applied physics. The title of the present book recognizes exactly the relationship described above. Gold has made important contributions through the whole field of astrophysics as there interpreted. For example, he was the first to supply the generally accepted model for the pulsar phenomenon, and in recent years he has vigorously developed the notion that the Earth holds a vast store of abiogenic methane.

The greater part of Jamal Islam's book is a straightforward account of big-bang cosmology together with some essential particle physics, black-hole physics and astrophysics. The presentation is unadorned and makes no great demands upon the reader. Anyone who is genuinely curious about the subject and possesses some rudimentary scientific background should gain from it the feel of its topics and of the way cosmologists are thinking at the present time.

This is, however, a presentation with a particular purpose – to predict the future course of the universe to the very utmost in time that thought can possibly carry us. Presumably because the future cannot be checked until it is past, people seem usually to be interested more in what astronomers can tell them about the past, say, the Earth or the cosmos, and particularly their origins, than in anything they have to say about their future. But as one can see from this book, this attitude may need to be drastically changed. Meantime, it is at any rate one sort of test of our present knowledge to see how far its predictions can be pushed without leading to manifest absurdity.

Proceeding in this way, Islam follows his account of the universe as it currently is by discussing the ways in which a star can die, yielding a white-dwarf star, a neutron star or a black

hole, and then how a whole galaxy may become nothing but such objects with relatively little cold matter in other forms. Now a big-bang universe may go on expanding forever, and Islam first pursues the subsequent fate of matter in this case, always in accordance with our present knowledge of physics. There are a number of processes admitted by relativistic or quantum physics as we know them that, in the universe as we now see it, take place so rarely or so slowly that their effects are negligible. Nevertheless, in the course of unbounded time, they would have devastating consequences. Islam describes these and estimates the times required for their attainment – some are prodigious in extent that no one has ever before contemplated their like.

What of the future of life and consciousness if the universe runs such a course? Islam finds it possible to envisage human civilization moving about the Galaxy until every star has ceased to radiate. Then, when the Galaxy has become effectively no more than a giant black hole, he can envisage societies that have developed a technology – which current physics permits – for extracting energy from the rotation of this object, and surviving in colonies in orbit around it. Islam quotes recent speculations by Freeman Dyson, and earlier ones by J. D. Bernal, about life and consciousness being passed to other forms of matter, and possibly becoming what Bernal called

"completely etherialized". All this must appear to be far beyond the bounds of popular science fiction. But it has the significant aspect that life may evolve by taking ever more deliberate account of predictions about its own future. There may not be much difference in principle between a pair of birds ensuring the survival of their kind by building a nest for a few weeks' occupation and future beings ensuring their survival by building a space colony for a billion years of occupation.

A big-bang universe need not go on expanding forever. After a finite time the expansion may cease and the universe fall back upon itself, ending in a "big crunch", the reverse of the big bang. Or the concept of the big bang itself could be mistaken, and the universe might be in some effectively steady state. Islam discusses these possibilities with complete fairness, but he evidently finds the ever-expanding model the more interesting to contemplate.

This brings us back to the natural philosophy of the whole business. In his "Epilogue" Islam writes "The laws of nature are presumably eternal and immutable". The casualness of this assertion, coming near the end of the book, implies that he treats it as going almost without saying and as something he has taken for granted throughout. The postulate that there exist knowable laws and that these laws are always the same is one that anybody may hold; Islam's book is an

excellent example of the exploration of its consequences. His speculations rest on the supposition that we now know the laws sufficiently well to apply them over any length of time, however enormous. The result turns out to be fascinating. But it has to be recognized that we cannot know that they are valid.

We can never know that laws exist. A law of physics having a meaning apart from the physical universe that is supposed to "obey" it is inconceivable. But if there is any interdependence, a changing universe obeying an unchanging law is equally inconceivable. Any notion of a law according to which a law of physics is changing is also inconceivable. Some of this was in fact pointed out by Bondi and Gold as an argument in favour of steady-state cosmology, in the sense that it is the only system that would allow us self-consistently to employ laws of physics. But even then we could not know what the laws are.

All we appear to know from experience is that the mind can construct theoretical (mathematical) models which enable it to make ever more exact predictions about the world of physics. Successive models may be vastly different from one another, and there is no call to suppose there exists any such thing as a final model. Why the physical world should operate like such a model is a complete mystery. But the fact that people can write books about it may be taken to show that it does so operate.

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In an alien landscape

Herbert Lomas

RODNEY HALL (Editor)

The Collins Book of Australian Poetry
458pp, Collins, £13.50
0 00 216445 0

The hunger for national self-awareness and definition, and the sustenance that poets, or even journalists writing poetry, can supply for it, are long forgotten in England. The hunger can also be a theoretical or chauvinist trap. How consciously do writers need to seek "the spirit of place"? He possessed by the land ("The land was ours before we were the land's", wrote Frost), court the American or Australasian grain? In his introduction, Rodney Hall writes:

An overwhelming proportion of white Australian poetry has been, and still is, preoccupied with statements about the land, attempting just such a spiritual control as the Aborigines have, by adapting the English language to do duty in a landscape totally foreign to its vocabulary of meanings. Aboriginal songs recreating the ritual act of naming places which is at the heart of survival itself could hardly be overstated.

But does not modern American literature owe more to greenhouse plants like James, Wallace Stevens and Emily Dickinson than to Fenimore Cooper? Even Whitman, Hemingway and Faulkner are no redskins. Will the Aborigines, and their stone age songs, suggest anything more interesting than *Hivavalla*? It's not a lack of sympathy for the Aborigines that makes me ask whether white Australians are closer to them than we are to our word-bedecked forefathers. The best writers in this volume avoid the poles of land-obsession, primitivism and exoticism. Rex Ingamells (1913-55) appears less Aborigine, more liberal English, than the great A. D. Hope, who writes with uncomprehending literary decorum and nobility of sex, guilt, religion and the evolution of science in formal verse, irritating his contemporaries by "a very particular avoidance of specifically Australian themes and speech rhythms". The power of culture, partially inherited through language, as opposed to that of the mystical earth, is shown in an Aborigine poet like Jack Davis:

I closed my eyes as I sat in the jet
And I asked the hostess if she would let
Me take on board a patch of sky
And a dash of the blue-green sea.

Far down below my country gleamed
In thin dry rivers and blue-white lakes

The poet's friend

Jill Neville

A. W. BARKER

Letters to an Australian Publisher,
Dear Robertson
174pp, Angus and Robertson
£12.95
0 207 14658 3

Where are the great publishers of yesterday? Stern, yet ideologically perceptive, they could resist the blandishments of the untaught, and encourage the real thing, hidden under layers of eccentricity and self-doubt. I think you are the greatest poet Australia has produced. George Robertson wrote to Henry Lawson, changing Lawson's life. But to a less gifted hopeful he could write: "Your stories are quite hopeless and we feel sure that you will never do anything worth while. Give it up and take to gardening or something else that's useful in your spare time."

Scottish-born Robertson turned up in Sydney in the late nineteenth century with little money in his pocket, and no prospects of work. His first book, *Wanderer*, was published by Angus's tiny bookshop, and then proceeded to give that frontier town its

And most I longed for, there as I dreamed,
A square of the desert, stark and red,
To mould a pillow for a sleepy head
And a cloak to cover me.

The cadences, if not the nostalgia and death-wish, owe more to English poetry than to a Wouguri-Mandjili song, meant to be accompanied by dance, body-painting, musical instruments and ceremony, or even to a more personal Bragui Song:

Soon I will hit that woman of yours, that Yagdin, she is rubbish, that woman of yours, her face is ugly, she smells like an evil spirit. Presently when she is pregnant, I won't look after her! You, Banggalawi, you her husband, you indeed, all by yourself, you can help her in childbirth!

Hope reminds me most of another poet-professor, John Crowe Ransom, whose situation is perhaps closer to his than that of either the Aborigine or the Englishman.

Imperial Adam, naked in the dew,
Felt his brown flanks and found the rib was gone.
Puzzled he turned and saw where, two by two,
The mighty spoor of Jahweh marked the lawn...

Turning once more he found Man's counterpart
In tender parody breathing at his side.
He knew her at first sight, he knew by heart
Her allegory of sense unsatisfied...

It's not just the corset, or stockade, of metre and rhyme; it's the cranky and thoughtfully reverberating insertion of the portentous word: "Imperial", "parody", "allegory". And along with this a kind of cortical sensuality:

The pawpaw drooped its golden breasts
Less generous than the honey of her flesh;
The innocent sunlight showed the place of love;
The dew on its dark hairs winked crisp and fresh.

The pawpaw makes the spot dubitably rather than indubitably Australian. The poem, like others of Hope's, aims at power and even the lost *frisson* of sublimity. Being Australian has perhaps saved him from a giggling complexity, and being intelligent has helped him to a considered emotional complexity. The business of a poetic culture may be to produce great poets, and any country ought to be proud of Hope, though some Australians won't like to hear this. His contained violence, his almost satirical love of paradox, come out in "The Martyrdom of St Teresa". "On an Engraving by Cassius" is one of the most ambitious and successful meditations on human evolution in our time, learned and resonant. It is no degradation of Stevens's "Peter Quince at the Clavier" to say that Hope's "The Double Looking-Glass" is more

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The feel of the sheets

Sebastian Carter

SILVIE TURNER and BIRGIT SKILD
80pp, £12.95

Handmade Paper Today: A worldwide survey of mills, papers, techniques and uses
280pp, Lund Humphries, £25.
0 85331 456 X

In the making of paper by hand, vegetable fibres are separated by beating, and mixed with water into a slurry. The paper-maker dips a fine sieve—the mould—into the slurry, lifts it out, and with a shake of the arm which looks easy but is the hardest-learned skill of the craft, arranges the fibres evenly before the water runs off. The thin coating of damp pulp on the mesh of the mould is dried, and becomes paper, that wonderful material which, considering its aqueous origin, is amazingly strong and resistant to water.

Described as simply as this, the paper-making process is the same from Japan to the United States. Nevertheless, papers can be roughly divided into two kinds according to their manufacture. "Eastern" papers are made largely of bast fibres, usually from varieties of mulberry, have a vegetable mottled appearance to the pulp which more elaborate work, including clumping, is possible at the vat, and are dried separately, often in the sun, on the moulds which formed them, or on boards. "Western" papers are made from a variety of fibres (traditionally wool and linen rags and hemp ropes, but nowadays more commonly the by-products of the textile industries, such as cotton linters, made up as "half-stuff" and are formed more quickly in the mould; they are laid "couched"—straight from the mould onto felts, and are dried by a combination of pressure on a pile of sheets interleaved with felt, and air drying, traditionally in a kiln in the upper storey of the mill.

This was the way all paper was made until the beginning of the last century. Then the continuous web Fourdrinier machine, revolutionized paper production, so that hand-made paper declined gradually from being the only

kind available, to a luxury, and finally to a suitable case for rescue. A few decades ago, the end was in sight, with only a handful of mills operating in Europe, and Japanese paper-making villages counting their craftsmen by the hundreds where before there had been thousands. But the Japanese decline seems to have slowed down, and there has been a remarkable revival in the United States. It was begun earlier in the century by Dard Hunter, but now a large number of enthusiasts are getting their feet wet, some of them artists, some printers and a few full-time paper-makers. Their enthusiasm makes them articulate, and debate is continuous and spirited, as, for example, at the Fine Printing Conference at Columbia University in May 1982 (whose *Proceedings* are available at \$10 post paid from the School of Library Service, Columbia University, New York, NY 10027). More recently, the San Francisco magazine *Fine Print* included in its July 1983 number (available at \$7.50 from PO Box 3394, San Francisco, CA 94119) an article in which a number of paper-makers and conservators were asked to respond to a criticism of modern papers by Timothy Barrett, that they lack the quality and feel of earlier papers, because of insensitive beating of the stuff and a lack of mystical communion between the craftsman and the process. It was interesting that the most eloquent replies came from full-time paper-makers, Howard Clark of the Twinrocker Mill in Indiana, and Simon Green of Barcham Green in Maidstone, both of whom accused Barrett of sentimentalizing the past.

It is

Package dealings

Colin Ridler

Book publishers sometimes admit ruefully that the general public seldom distinguishes one imprint from another. Few people choose a book on account of the publisher's name, unless perhaps it is a Penguin, or a romance (Mills and Boon), or a feminist title (Virago). But if this is the publisher's complaint, how much more to be pitied is the packager. For who – outside the world of publishing and the media – is familiar with the names of John Calmann and Cooper, Dorling Kindersley, Edmond Sodd, Equinox, Grisewood and Dempsey, Marshall Editions, Quarto/OED, Rainbird or Shuckburgh Reynolds? These firms, and others like them, engendered many of the best sellers of the last decade, from *Manwatching* and *Durrell's Greek Islands* to *The Way of the Warrior* and *The Illustrated Lark Rise to Candleford*, yet their achievements have gone largely unremarked and unsung. How can this be?

Packaging is a specialized branch of publishing. Packagers are really book producers, who commonly conceive the idea for an illustrated book (generally with potential for international sales), find the author and design specimen pages or a "dummy". On this basis, they sell the idea to a publisher, and then produce for that publisher a certain number of copies at a fixed price, usually about twenty-five per cent of the final retail price. The publisher warehouses and markets the book under his own imprint, and takes upon himself the risk that it may not succeed. On the other hand, if it does succeed, he takes most of the profit – and most of the credit, too, for producing the book.

The packager's problem in achieving public recognition was demonstrated by one of Macmillan's publications last year, *The World History of Art*, by Hugh Honour and John Fleming.

Processing authors' words

A. C. S. Bullock and R. V. Sabido

Word-processors have been used for a number of years in offices and institutions, for they eliminate the need to retype documents completely when corrections must be made to them. And now the price of word-processors has fallen over the last two years to the point where it is realistic for a professional author to think of buying one.

A word-processor permits alteration of any part of a typed text while that is still only stored electronically on its floppy disk. But it can do much more besides. It can:

1. identify a piece of text, and instruct the program to delete it or alternatively, to move it to, or duplicate it in, another part of the book, or another book altogether;
2. search for a series of characters and replace them throughout the book with another series of characters. This can be done automatically, or selectively on instruction, and is especially useful for changing the letters of a word, which has not been corrected when the book was first keyboarded;
3. take into the book text from another book already stored on a floppy disk;
4. mark text for printing out in bold face or underlined;
5. produce a contents page;
6. produce an index from words marked in the text – this index can be stored on a floppy disk for selling later;
7. produce notes, numbered by page to appear as footnotes or alternatively to appear at the end of each chapter;
8. sort lists of words into alphabetical order;
9. count the number of characters, words, or lines in a book.

Most of these functions should be standard in a word-processor program. Since the modern word-processor is really a general purpose micro-computer, its usefulness can be

(reviewed in the *TLS* on March 25, 1983) was conceived and produced by Calmann and Cooper, and eventually won the Mitchell Prize, a top award in art publishing (as well as later becoming the *Yorkshire Post* Book of the Year). Representatives from the packagers were invited to the prizegiving, but no mention was made in the speeches of the firm's role in creating the book. It was a minor and accidental snub, but symptomatic nevertheless of the generally poor understanding of the packager's function.

Even within the book trade, the matter is not entirely clear-cut. How much say should the packager have in the promotion of the books he produces? If he has worked hard to foster the talents of an author, is it right for the publisher then to claim that author as his own, and to poach him for another book? The ground rules are not yet precisely established.

The first British packager was Adprint, founded by Wolfgang Foges (now a director of the Diagram Group, a present-day packager). Adprint began by producing the first King Penguins for Allen Lane. Then, during and soon after the Second World War, the company brought out several series for Collins, the most famous of which, "Britain in Pictures", ran to over 100 titles. The relationship was symbiotic: each firm needed the other. Collins had a fixed paper quota, based on the number of books it had published in 1939 when rationing was introduced; Adprint, as a brand-new house, had no paper at all. When Collins discovered that it was not producing enough titles to fulfill its quota, Adprint stepped in to make up the difference. The design and picture-research skills of Adprint also brought a new, visually attractive dimension to the Collins list. The pattern established at that time remains true today, except that turnover requirements have replaced paper quotas. Publishers, mindful of the need to maintain sales revenue to

cover overheads, will buy books from packagers to "top up" their lists – much as they might buy editions from abroad. Packagers, experts in design and production, can in addition give those lists the visual quality they might otherwise lack.

Since the war, enormous improvements in offset lithography have opened the way for a great advance in the use of illustrations in books, particularly four-colour halftones. Colour illustrations are, however, expensive to produce and demand long print runs in the tens of thousands, something that can usually only be achieved by selling editions of a book internationally. In the 1950s, the international approach was pioneered by such publishers as Thames and Hudson (founded by another ex-Adprint director, Walter Neurath), but the modern international packaging revolution can be said to have started with George Rainbird – who had himself once been associated with Adprint. Instead of competing with publishers for authors, in the 1960s Rainbird hit on the idea of persuading firms such as Hamish Hamilton to let him produce highly illustrated books for them, using their own authors. Nancy Mitford's *Sun King* was the first of many best sellers in this genre, and Rainbird made money by retaining all foreign rights where he could.

Where Rainbird led, others followed. Quite a number of the packagers active today began in the 1960s. Ian Cameron and Trewin Coplestone among them. Coplestone's case is instructive. Like Peter Lowe, and Yoné and Spooner, he left the sprawling Hamlyn publishing empire around 1969, committed to the ideal of the small company, where creativity, not bureaucracy, would flourish. Packaging was the answer, because staff could be kept to a minimum by shifting the burden of marketing and distribution on to the shoulders of the publisher. Idealism and pragmatism were also happily blended. It proved cheaper and less

risky to set up as a packager of illustrated books than to leap straight into publishing such editions. Apart from their small administrative commitment, packagers are paid in full by their publisher clients by the time, or soon after, they deliver finished books, so in theory their financial risk also is slight.

The problem for packagers is the one noticed earlier: that because publishers take the risks, they reap the financial rewards if a new publication succeeds. Many publishing houses make money each year on the strength of only one or two best sellers, but the packager is not so lucky. Currency fluctuations, the collapse of a foreign market, or a publisher who doesn't pay his bills, can wipe out profits overnight. That is one reason why a surprisingly large number of packagers now dabble in publishing, or co-publishing, for the British market. Rainbird has taken to publishing twenty per cent of its list, choosing those titles (such as its *Jimmy Young* book) where it feels sure of high UK sales, but where interest abroad is unlikely to be great. Grisewood and Dempsey, the largest children's book packager, established in 1973, has its own imprint (Kingfisher Books) for many of its titles – and has diversified recently into books for adults. Some packagers have indeed made the complete transition, and become fully fledged publishers. Webb and Bower, originators of the world-famous *Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady*, are a prime example; and Dorling Kindersley, probably the best packager of "how to" and home reference books in the world (eg, the million-selling *Photographer's Handbook*), are in the process of following suit. This autumn their output includes only one book packaged for another UK house.

The rewards of publishing are, then, in many ways undoubtedly greater than those of packaging. The profits can be substantially higher, and the publisher has the satisfaction of controlling more of the functions in the production of a book, including promotion. (In this context it is interesting to note that Dorling Kindersley, in its new guise as British publisher, has recently hired a

professional publicist from Period.) Despite the theoretically secure nature of packaging, there are pitfalls, and many packagers have gone bankrupt or been taken over. Trewin Coplestone and Harrow House were swept by Time-Life, but have since been producing new titles. Adkin, Berrish, Bellow and Highton... the list of defunct or moribund packagers is considerable.

Packaging is not, however, in danger of dying out. The forces that impelled those entrepreneurs to leave Hamish and to set up as packagers in the 1960s are identical to those that led Dorling and Kindersley, and Bruce Marshall, and Nick Edlison to depart from Mitchell Beazley in the 1970s. The process continues. David Reynolds, a partner in Shuckburgh Reynolds, is an ex-Dorling Kindersley employee, while recently John Pearson left the same firm to found Gale Books. Pearson expresses the true spirit of packaging: the desire to stay small and creative (a permanent core of staff, using a wide range of freelancers), and the belief that packaging enables you to concentrate on producing good books, more efficiently than can publishers. Unusually for a packager, his first title, *The Book of Tom*, published on September 19 by Bantam Press, has been issued primarily as a paperback from the start.

Packaging thus adds diversity and depth to British publishing. Packagers have to be quick off the mark, quick to adapt to the decline in book club sales, quick to spot new trends (Edlison now does a great deal of his future in computer graphics and electronic publishing). At last packagers are beginning to be officially accepted: in 1982 for the first time they were made eligible to join the Publishers Association, and this spring the London Book Fair gave them a separate listing in its catalogue. Of the British firms offering their wares this year at the Frankfurt Book Fair, the packagers will be among the best sought after by foreign publishers, because of their cost competitiveness, their inventiveness and their international outlook. After forty years or more, and a great expansion in the last decade, the packagers are here to stay.

Design for living books

Tom Fenton

We associate craftsmanship in the manufacture of books today almost exclusively with private presses and the limited editions business. At their best, books from these sources are indeed extraordinarily beautiful and perfect vehicles for their texts. Too often, though, private presses' books and limited editions are produced purely for the sake of their design, for the luxuriousness of their physical attributes; in their treatment of the text they are precious, and at worst they violate it utterly.

But all such books – the very good and the very bad – have one thing in common: they are fundamentally archaic, nostalgic and conservative. It is not any single thing such as the mould-made paper with deckle edge (or the machine-made paper with artificial deckle edge) or the leather (or leatherette) binding that seems antiquated. It is more that the concept of such books is medieval, they worship the hand-made and reject the mechanical. The irony, of course, is that the invention of printing itself was one of the first examples of the introduction of mass-production techniques.

The revolution in the technology of book manufacture in the last twenty years is no different in kind from that brought about by the Monotype caster at the end of the last century. Modern typesetting techniques are quite capable of doing all that hot metal could do, and a lot more. Offset lithography can produce work that is every bit as good as the best letterpress machine. Printing of the last half century: our technology is limited only by the demands we place on it. If standards of book production today are degenerate, and that they are, it is because we have lost the

reason lies not with our technology, but with us. It is not because we have lost the ability to do better, but because we do not want to. To some extent the reason is economic. But to say that decent standards of book design are too expensive is more expensive than it really is. It is probably also more productive, and sophisticated, to produce books that are more expensive than more expensive. Long-life papers are more expensive than the cheap paper which will deteriorate within a few years; durable binding fabrics cost more than the flimsy imitations. But this is not the point. Good design is not a matter of lavishness, it is the wise use of appropriate materials for a given job. Many of the books we publish today are not intended to last more than a few years, but that does not make them any less worthy of being well designed. There is certainly no reason why they should be ugly.

Good design is certainly not at all the economics of publishing. It is surely no accident that my two most successful publications – *After the War* by John Fuller and *Memory of War* by James Fenton – are the two into which I have put the most effort in design and in choice of materials. The high-quality art and substance of *Elephantidae* by the German firm Zander and its specially made paper and clothings are a special case. Both were planned in close collaboration with the publishers. The choice, then, is not between cheap and beautiful and the ugly and cheap. In the long run, the only book that produces beautiful books.

And the traditions of good book design are not a matter of adhering to old methods and materials. They are a matter of attitude, of every means at our disposal to produce excellence.

Preaching upwards

Peter Hebblethwaite

EDWARD SCHILLEBEECKX
in conversation with Huub
Costerhuis and Piet Hoogeveen

God is Now Each Moment
Translated by David Smith
25pp. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.
£3.50

EDWARD SCHILLEBEECKX
God Among Us: The Gospel
Translated by John Bowden
25pp. SCM. £6.50.

JOHN BOWDEN
Edward Schillebeeckx: Portrait of a
Theologian
Wipac. SCM. £4.95.
034 02024 7

Edward Schillebeeckx is a Flemish
Catholic priest who has been much
beyond the bounds of the Roman
Catholic community to which he
belongs. He has accepted the title of
"non-Catholic" theologian. His
work on Christology caused him
to leave the Vatican, and his
congregation for the Doctrine of Faith
the Holy Office) is now
assigning his ideas about "ministry

from below". This may have prompted
the Dutch, among whom he has lived
as a professor in the Catholic
University of Nijmegen since 1958, to
award him last year the prestigious
Erasmus prize. Previous prize-winners
were Karl Jaspers, Gabriel Marcel and
Martin Buber, but Schillebeeckx was
the first theologian to be honoured.
The Dutch Royal Family, the House of
Orange, is either well-read or well
advised.

These three books are designed to
introduce Schillebeeckx to a wider
public. They are very different in
character. *God is Now Each Moment* is
a series of interviews with the great
man. *God Among Us* is a collection of
his sermons. Since he is a Dominican,
a member of the Order of Preachers, the
sermon is not an optional extra but the
goal towards which his whole laborious
theological effort was tending. *Edward
Schillebeeckx: Portrait of a Theologian*
is just that: part biography, part
introduction to his thinking from the
man who translated his book *Christ*
(reviewed in the *TLS*, May 22, 1981)
and *God Among Us*.

The three books are listed above in
descending order of interest and value.
In *God is Now Each Moment* we see
a Schillebeeckx by the fireside, in shirt-
sleeves. In *God Among Us* he is on his
best and most provocative behaviour
and wears his Dominican habit. No
matter how "secular" his thought (or
its implications) Schillebeeckx always
wears his habit on the big occasions. In
Edward Schillebeeckx: Portrait of a

which human beings were equal and
related in fraternal love with one
another, then black human beings
were not there to be done good to but
must be listened to and encouraged to
shape their own future.

SPROCAS II, a programme designed
to discover how South African
society should be reformed, made far
more use of black membership.

It also began to make use of white
Christians aware of the need to reform
the redistribution not only of
wealth, opportunity and privilege
but of power. And the action resulting
from SPROCAS II consisted of
attempts to educate both blacks and
whites to welcome this. Two further
developments followed. The Institute
played a large part in the creation of
the black consciousness movement
which aimed at encouraging among
blacks a pride in their history and
tradition, now cultural expressions of
their feelings and ideals, a sense of
their own power, an ability to organize
and to analyse their own needs. In this
movement Steve Biko played a leading
part. The Institute was also, as a result
of the WCC grants to anti-apartheid
organizations and the furious reactions
of the South African government,
compelled to examine its attitude
towards the use of violence in political
change. In the event it remained
consistently opposed to violence but
that, in turn, forced it – in order to
be consistent – to encourage
consciousness of objection among whites,
called up for military service. By this
time, too, the Institute was becoming
more and more critical of capitalism as
well as of apartheid and developed
what Professor Walshe calls its own
version of liberation theology. The
final clash with the government could
not be delayed much longer and the
story ends with the appointment of a
commission to enquire into the
activities of the Institute and certain
other organizations, the tragedy of
Soweto, the death of Biko and the
banning of the Institute.

My admiration for the way Walshe
has dealt with this complex story does
not prevent my wishing that he had not
tried to make the Institute his hero. For
one thing, he sometimes exaggerates
its importance. He writes, "Having
rejected the challenge of the Christian
Institute to build a new and just South
Africa, Afrikaner nationalism set
about extending the 'authoritarian
powers of its national security state' –
as though there was simply a clash
between these opposing giants, and
Soweto had not happened. And, in

fact, the book is at pains to make it
clear that the Institute failed, again and
again, through no fault of its own, to
make the desired impact. It is Walshe's
central thesis that it was this that gave
the history of the Institute a kind of
dialectic, of thrust and counter-thrust
between 'liberalism' and 'liberation',
with the latter becoming a more and
more powerful idea after each failure
of the former.

Another weakness of this con-

From liberalism to liberationism

Peter Hinchliff

CHRISTIAN WALSHE
The Church of the Christian Institute
in South Africa
25pp. SCM. £12.50.

the name of the founder of the
Christian Institute of Southern Africa –
John Naudé – is probably better
known in Britain than that of the
Institute itself. Hence, presumably,
the book is given to this title. Nor is it a really a book about
the Institute. It is the history of the
Institute not its founder. And yet
Walshe, in a real sense, a misnomer.
The Christian Institute is not the
Church of the Christian Institute, nor
even a church. It is a society of
Christians created as a society of
Christians, so that Christians whose
values would refuse to belong to
theological and multi-racial body,
and who as individuals, "A few
Christians versus the State" would
have been a more accurate, if
dramatic, title.

The story which Peter Walshe tells,
in a book that is very easy to read,
is a heroic one. The Institute was
founded in 1963 in the aftermath of
the Dutch Reformed Church. His
story was that he departed from
the Dutch Reformed Church at a consultation
under the auspices of the World
Council of Churches. In its early days
the Institute was largely concerned
with the support from white
Christians in the Church. It was
initially a white organization, and
was largely seen as a white organization.
It was the people of South
Africa who condemned apartheid as
un-Christian and gave rise to the
Institute. The Institute was the
first of its kind. It was the first
of its kind. It was the first of its
kind. It was the first of its kind.

It is not surprising that much of this
effort has been applied to the letters of
Paul. Not only are they the earliest
Christian writings, but they are also the
most immediate in relation to their
subject-matter – compared, for
example, with the Gospels, where
Jesus's life is overlaid problematically
with the concerns of the churches
which transmitted them and wrote
down the story. The letters of Paul
are "really" his own, in the sense
that they are the social setting, and
used to suppose.

Theologian he is seen by a well-
disposed but very external observer.

In *God is Now Each Moment*
Schillebeeckx answers questions put to
him by two shrewd theologians. His
answers are as thorough and tough-
minded as his questions. He looks
back over his own life and wonders
how he stumbled into celibacy. He
wanted to be a Dominican more than
he wanted to become a priest. He
tackles the most fundamental ques-
tions about the uniqueness of Jesus,
the meaning of the Resurrection
and the alleged antisemitism of the
New Testament. He has good remarks
on feminist theology and "ministry
from below".

Roman censors ought to be licking
their chops at his frankness. Among
the editorial board of *Concilium*, the
multi-language theological review he
has been associated with since 1965, he
confesses, are theologians (not himself)
who "could as well be Buddhist as
Christian". He remains in the Roman
Catholic Church partly out of cussed-
ness and despite regarding it as
on the whole "an obstacle to faith".
"Believing on authority", he casually
remarks, "has not been possible since
the Enlightenment." But that does not
mean that he flees into scepticism. On
the contrary, he looks for reassurance
in experience, and the steady solidity
of his Christian hope comes out on
every page, even the most outrageous.

The sermons in *God Among Us*
permit this to be verified in the way
Schillebeeckx would wish –

"existentially" he would say. He is a
Dominican through and through. He
went to a Jesuit school and thought of
becoming a Jesuit himself, like his
elder brother. But he joined the
Dominicans without knowing any of
them and having only a literary
knowledge of the order. Maybe he
wanted to startle his Jesuit school-
masters and teach them a lesson. The
Dominican Provincial welcomed this
precocious recruit and sent him a
picture of Dominic embracing Francis
of Assisi. It was by Fra Angelico (he
thinks). This display of emotion,
regarded as out of place by his Jesuit
teachers, confirmed him in his
Dominican vocation. He has gone on,
as he puts it, "telling Dominican
stories", and they seem to fit. He has a
special regard for St Albert the Great
(so called not only because of his
superior knowledge but because he
was only four foot eight inches tall)
and for Marie-Dominique Chenu, OP,
still alive at eighty-six, who taught him
"how to carry on when you are under
suspicion in Rome". Each of these
sermons has an arresting phrase or a
novel insight.

John Bowden's book is the least
satisfactory as an introduction. This is
largely because he tries to turn
Schillebeeckx into an honorary
Anglican contributing to the SCM
Press. It is absurd to say that George
Woods and Maurice Wiles "contem-
poraneously with Schillebeeckx" in-
vented "doctrinal criticism" in
1966. "Doctrinal criticism" means

that critical rigour should be
applied to conciliar statements
just as much as to scriptural *logia*.
But this did not date from 1966.
It had already a long history, much of it
associated with Karl Rahner. The
comparison of Schillebeeckx with Alan
Richardson is baffling.

Bowden's attempts to explain
Schillebeeckx's peculiar style do not
make for greater understanding. Here
he is, explaining that unconventional
comparisons – jazz and the sacra-
mental system – can be enlightening:

One sees what he is getting at and
is almost carried away by the
exuberance, shaking one's head at
the audacity but at the same time
warming to him and feeling with
him, in a way which almost tran-
scends any rational process, the reality
which he is seeking to indicate.

There is no substitute, in short, for
Schillebeeckx himself. The real hero of
the Schillebeeckx story, however,
is his father, Constant Johannes
Schillebeeckx, still alive at ninety-six
(Bowden kills him off at ninety-six).
Father of fourteen (Edward was the
sixth), he was by profession an
accountant who specialized in fraud
and bankruptcy. When the first
investigation into his son's orthodoxy
began in 1968, Constant Johannes was
asked what he thought. He re-
plied: "I don't know the pope, but
I know Edward and I trust him." *Sound fellow*, Constant Johannes
Schillebeeckx.

Uneasy congregations

J. L. Houlden

WAYNE A. MEERKS

The First Urban Christians: The
Social World of the Apostle Paul
299pp. Yale University Press. £15.
0 300 02876 8

Theological studies become on the one
hand ever more departmentalized,
most of those concerned have been
the past, but on the other hand more
interdisciplinary, so that there is
constant new interaction with fields of
inquiry hitherto beyond theology's
horizon. In the last twenty years, there
has been, largely in the United States
and Germany, an increasing body of
literature which views Christian origins
in a sociological light. In one way, it
has been simply one more development,
a sharpening of focus, in the historical
awareness which has come to char-
acterize New Testament studies
over the past two centuries. Indeed,
most of those concerned have been
notably free from sociological dog-
matism, so much so that it is equally
easy to describe them as making
a marriage with the ancient historians
as with the sociologists. They are at all
events eager to escape that blinkered
view, still found too commonly in New
Testament studies, which, even when
there is an absence of doctrinal
prejudice, treats the early Christian
literature as a thing apart, insulated in
a biblical world which links it with the
subsequent Christian tradition more
than with its own contemporaries.

Anachronism is the prime bogey of the
Christian social historians. Of course,
nothing is ever wholly new, and figures
like Gustav Adolf Deissmann and
Shirley Jackson Case from the early
part of the century continue to be
influential. But since then not only has
there been a great amount of new
evidence (eg, from excavations at
Corinth and from the Qumran finds),
but also a concentration of intellectual
effort.

It is not surprising that much of this
effort has been applied to the letters of
Paul. Not only are they the earliest
Christian writings, but they are also the
most immediate in relation to their
subject-matter – compared, for
example, with the Gospels, where
Jesus's life is overlaid problematically
with the concerns of the churches
which transmitted them and wrote
down the story. The letters of Paul
are "really" his own, in the sense
that they are the social setting, and
used to suppose.

assumptions of Paul himself and of
those to whom they are addressed.
This work has already been summa-
rized in a number of popular and
accessible books, but Wayne A. Meeks
has now written, in *The First Urban
Christians*, a much-needed authori-
tative study of the churches
founded by or in association with Paul
in relation to their social setting. It is
admirably documented and indexed,
and with lucidity and consistency it
not only gives a great deal of information
but also discusses the many debated
issues in the field. Above all, it asks
persistently what it felt like to believe
and worship as a member of those first
Christian groups in Greece and Asia
Minor.

Already this approach to Christian
origins has done more than widen the
sphere of interest. It has produced
major revisions of received opinion,
notably in the matter of the social
composition of early urban Christian
congregations. It is evident that, far
from being drawn from the lowest
levels of society, they included people
from a number of quarters, including
some at a very modest afflu-
ence. Meeks himself argues that the
Christian message may have appealed
particularly to those whose social
position was in some way uneasy or
insecure (eg, freedmen, Jews living in
pagan society, independent women).
Such people seem to have been
especially open to the preaching of a
crucified Messiah, and the offer of
salvation in a coming new world,
a message which nevertheless brought
some of the stability and certainly the
universality already associated with
Judaism in the Greco-Roman world.
The early Christian congregations
undoubtedly provided an experience
of release (witness their characteristic
style of worship as outward expression)
and of warm community life, though
not unmarked by tensions between rich
and poor, educated and uneducated.

To see something of Paul's work in
the light of the social structures and
pressures both inside and outside his
congregations is in no way to diminish
the sense of his achievement. It is,
however, to put it more firmly than
ever in historical focus. In that way,
this approach to the New Testament is
not without relevance to the modern
Church. It certainly puts a brake on
facile appeal to Christian beginnings
when it comes to considering questions
like the theology of the ministry or the
ordination of women. Things were
very different then and the echoes that
come to our day are not quite as we
used to suppose.